

# The TATLER

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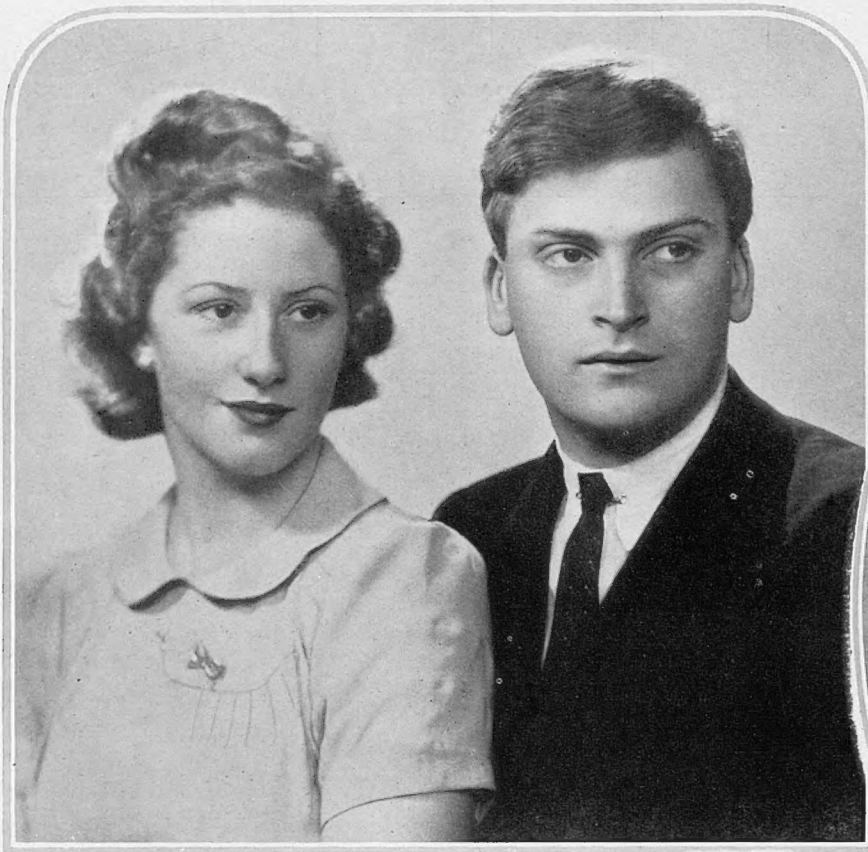
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## SCREENED IN "IDIOT'S DELIGHT": CLARK GABLE AND NORMA SHEARER

The stars of the film version (by M-G-M) of a very successful play, which ran for many months at the Apollo Theatre. This new picture will contribute to London's Easter holiday entertainment, for it has its *première* at the Empire, Leicester Square, on Good Friday evening. Norma Shearer, who made such a happy return to the screen as Marie Antoinette, very definitely consolidates her reputation for versatility by her playing of Irene, would-be hard-boiled, would-be Russian, and fans cannot fail to approve of Clark Gable's Harry Van. For more pictures and further details of *Idiot's Delight*, see page 29





Dorothy Wilding  
YEHUDI MENUHIN, THE WORLD-FAMOUS VIOLINIST, AND HIS WIFE

The former wonder child is now the twenty-one-year-old genius, and recently gave one of his all too rare recitals at the Albert Hall; and as ever he held every one entranced, particularly in the very difficult Ernst concerto. His wife before her marriage in 1938 was Miss Nicholas

THOSE returning from Nassau or the West Indies via New York should stop off at Palm Beach in the middle of March, if only to contemplate the effects of social velocity and the cyclonic state of the human race after too much turkey for turkey. Ladies so respectable that they are called hostesses whisk to the alibi and, subsiding like tops, hum, "I should be there, we must go on, three parties and then to the Patio, get up early for golf, supper for eighty, no time to swim, never use the pool, give me an old-fashioned," in surrealist confusion. Captain Mackintosh gives them everything they need. Lady Milbanke steps in with the Jay O'Briens (Lord Loughborough was at the Balsans'); the "Charlie" Sweenys step out for Canada and London; the Warden ("Gillie") Gilchris decide to stay to the finish; Simon Elwes fixes a face with his azure eyes; somebody drops a glass; twenty more find standing room and no one will admit fatigue. At Easter it is permissible to sleep on the Atlantic before beginning again in the Ritz Bar. But Palm Beach won't let up in Lent; not on your life assurance. I admire the make-do-with-Roosevelt-dollars-and-die-a-good-Republican atmosphere. Tepidly I like the March parties; dancing out of doors on increasingly hot nights; buffets at which you fork a little of everything until a plate looks like a still life; well-dressed people with no ideas, subversive or otherwise; swing it. Best I like the Seminole course between the Gulf Stream and the scrub. The Indians, long since frightened away, left its beautiful name. Beautiful women play there. The auction dinner on the eve of the great pro-amateur foursomes was the representative American equivalent of a Whites' or Buck's gathering with more women as befits the country where women get more alimony and their own

## And the World Said—



Yevonde  
LADY GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY

A recent portrait of the charming wife of Lord George Cholmondeley, who is Lord Cholmondeley's only brother. Lady George Cholmondeley, who was married in 1921, is a daughter of the late Canon Raymond Pelley

way. The loveliest married brunette is "Fifi," Mrs. John R. Fell, whose brown hair and dark blue eyes contrast with the golden looks of Mrs. Earl Smith, but Mrs. Alexander Biddle in a baroque mauve was more distinguished, with her Lady Allendale looks, than any of the youngsters and our Mrs. Sweeny's skin shone cream satin. Mr. "Tony" Pulitzer had many charming girls at his table, mostly Munns or half Munns, like Grace Amory, his step-daughter, and on his right the exotic Mrs. "Tommy" Shevlin, whose first name, Lorraine, like Consuelo, is rare in England, just as Pamelas and Dianas are seldom met in America. Diana Fishwick ate her last Palm Beach meal; her happy event is in the near future. Bidding for Michael Phipps, both the Guests, "Buzz" Sheftel, Jay O'Brien, "Andy-face-cream-king" Jergens, veteran golfer Findlay S. Douglas, Captain "Bob" Wilson, Howell Van Gerbig (popular husband of Dorothy Fell, who was looking her best in a hunting pink dress) and the rest (except poor "Laddie" Sanford, *hors de combat* after a polo contretemps) was jacked at the dizzy height of nearly thirty-two thousand dollars by that hypnotist Charles F. Coe,



RECENT VISITORS TO SAN FRANCISCO: LADY MOIRA FORBES AND COUNT THEO ROSSI DE MONTETERA

California has been a much favoured spot this winter amongst English travellers, and Lord Granard's eldest daughter has been one of the fortunate ones to be there. The above photograph was taken at a cocktail party, and her companion is the multi-millionaire Italian



partnered next day by Tommy Armour. Mr. Coe is said to earn a quarter a word on paper, which equals a shilling, and outpoints Bernard Shaw. But the late George Grossmith was an even better auctioneer, and in his own tongue Parisian André de Fouquières is as good. Their respective methods epitomize the humour, tact and indefinable plus of the three best countries in the world.

From the French, as opposed to the Floridian Riviera, I hear that Lady Mendl is leaving for Paris after two months' tenancy of Lady Norman's discreetly isolated "Garoupe." Her house guests have included Princess "Anita" von Lobkowitz (as tall and fair as her namesake, Miss Loos, is small and dark), "Johnny McMendl" as he is nicknamed, and Mrs. "Moana" Harrison Williams, who has bought a house in Paris and is spending less time in the U.S., where her looks are as celebrated as her jewellery, her expensive clothes and her impersonal voice which, neither American nor English in *timbre*, belongs to a new neuter species considered A1 for radio. I have been talking about accents with the woman who knows most about them in the world—Miss Ruth Draper—but before returning to her and other charming people met in America's loveliest old city, Charleston, South Carolina, where my typewriter is tapping this, we will continue the French *rappor tage*. Mrs. Eric Loder is referred to by my crony as looking more attractive than ever; she always does. Miss Maxine Elliott's guest, Mrs. James Beck, was more beautiful than ever; she always is. "Dickie" Fellowes-Gordon and Isabel Pell gathered interesting talkers at the former's hill house behind Cannes; she has the knack of stimulating good conversation. "Chatto" Elizaga, the most attractive Mexican in Paris (and probably in Mexico, for all I know) took his new wife to the Grand Prix de Nice, and villa hosts took their guests to the Raymond Patenôtres' enormous lunch party. He is very much in politics and "Jacqueline" belongs to the squad of young Parisian matrons who keep their figures by bicycling in the Bois. *La rentrée* has been accomplished, and, apart from the short *chateau* season over Easter, Parisians are *chez eux*.

more truly civilized place to live than Charleston which is a colonial "Quality Street," an American Bath with its tradition of elegant revels by candlelight; and also an American Edinburgh by virtue of its sad, romantic history as a faded Southern capital. (The first shot of the



Holloway

## IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

Miss Mary Forester (left) with her half brother, Mr. E. A. H. Legge-Bourke, and Mrs. Legge-Bourke at the Pytchley Point-to-Point, held at Great Brington. Mr. Legge-Bourke, the Blues, is Lady Victoria Forester's son by her first marriage with the late Mr. Nigel Legge-Bourke, who was killed in action. Miss Mary Forester, elder daughter of Major the Hon. Edric and Lady Victoria Forester, lately became engaged to the Hon. Nicholas Villiers

Civil War was fired at Fort Sumter.) A storied past clings to this pink and white town named for a Stuart King, just as the Stuart legend haunts the greyness of Edinburgh. Carolinians do not disappoint my great expectations. They are poor to middling in pocket, proud of their long pedigrees and of their heirlooms—exquisite old furniture, china, silver and pictures in beautifully proportioned and elaborately panelled eighteenth-century rooms. Though interested in the arts, especially in Charleston's Dock Street Theatre (an Abbey in its way), those who live behind wrought-iron grilles, or at Georgian plantation houses on the Ashley or the Cooper rivers, cultivate their gardens for the most part and go in for good works. They have a graciousness of manner which money cannot buy. They are more English, Scots or Irish, as the case may be, than any of us have been since the Union. When they speak of the War, they do not mean the next war, or even the last war, but the War of Independence. And their sweet voices are a revelation to those who dislike an American accent, which brings me back to Miss Draper, met at tea (in Charleston, English tea is a ritual) with the Southern playwrights, Du Bose and Dorothy Heyward, whose Broadway success, *Mamba's Daughter*, has done bigger business since Mrs. Roosevelt admitted it in her column "My Day"—which proves the importance of being Eleanor.

And so another National has come and gone—although this year it was somewhat overshadowed by international events, all present agreed it was a "Grand" National with excellent racing conditions and, to the delight of the ladies, the weather on good behaviour, allowing them to wear springlike hats and suits in spite of the north-easter which demanded fur coats and bootees. Early on the course in time to watch the arrivals the courtesy of the police was most impressive; they never seemed to lose patience at being continuously asked "the way," but did their job as inconspicuously and efficiently as



LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE

A hat fashion note at Warwick Races was provided by Lord Willoughby de Broke's popular and cheerful wife, whose cap had something in common with those issued to our women soldiers, the A.T.S., but her angle of wear was more jaunty and more becoming. Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke live at Woodley House, Kineton, with their treasured young son who is nearly seven months old

Some of the smartest and prettiest have planned to *fêlîciter* that popular *jeune fille*, Miss Florrie Owen, at her wedding to M. Michel Dassonville in the middle of the month. To her delight they are going to live in Paris; have, in fact, bought a house. After Paris, I can think of no



Holloway

## AT THE PYTCHLEY POINT-TO-POINT

The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy, Sir Bertram and Lady Hardy's daughter-in-law, talking to two pillars of the turf, Colonel Giles Loder and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald Buchanan. The latter's husband, Captain R. Macdonald Buchanan, has just retired from the joint-Mastership of the Pytchley after being in office with Colonel Jack Lowther since 1934. He is being succeeded by Colonel "Peach" Borwick



## And the World said

—Continued

possible. Among early arrivals were Lady Rosebery, still, unfortunately, walking with sticks after her recent hunting fall, and Lady Jean Dundas, who wore her arm in a sling. Others seen were the Derek Parker Bowles (she better remembered as Anne de Trafford), who got back from their Riviera honeymoon just in time to make Aintree; tall Philip Kindersley hurried to the paddock—a keen G.R. he was congratulated on his recent point-to-point win; the Laird of Dolphinton with his attractive wife, Mrs. John Mackenzie; and Lord and Lady Breadalbane. After Workman had run his splendid race the trek back to Liverpool, and more important the Adelphi gala, started. As was appropriate, the gayest and largest party was given by the winning owner, Sir Alexander Maguire, the match magnate, who divides his time between Co. Meath and Eastbourne. This annual "do" was graced by such well-knowns as Lord and Lady Normanton, both keen racegoers; the "Tony" Stockers; popular Nancy Harwood-Banner, who spent a ski-ing holiday at Kleine Scheidegg earlier in the year; and the former Dorothy North, who was with her clever racing journalist husband, Clive Graham. Mr. J. V. Rank, of milling, racing and film fame, danced with his wife; Lord and Lady Stavordale were together, she outstanding in bright pink; and "Pat" Hanbury with his fiancée, Prunella Higgins. The bustle and excitement at this *caravan* ran true to form and the dance floor was an excellent example of how many people can be successfully packed into a given space.

And now turning from the social round—there has been nothing to equal recent events since Attila loosed his well-trained Huns who goose-stepped over Alpine passes, across fertile plains and into other people's homes, giving devoted attention to the commands of the Big Bad Wolf, their Führer, giving everyone else in Europe H—L. Well-meaning, muddle-headed, easy-goers who, faced with the very hard facts of the last weeks and months, say the German people must have changed amazingly, are not paying attention to history; the indicative yesterdays which make to-day. They are thinking of delightful



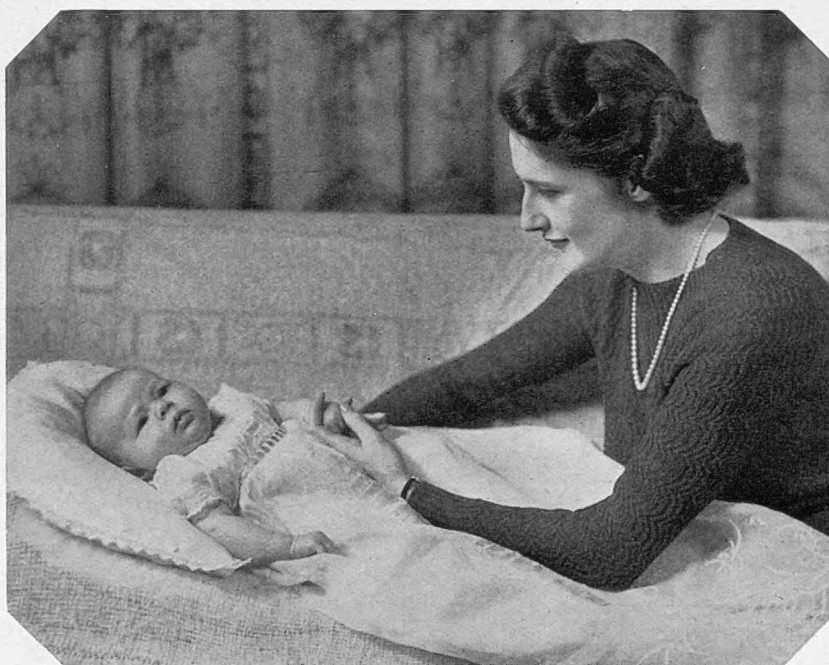
AT THE BALLET BALL

Mrs. Malcolm Sargent, wife of the distinguished conductor, and Lady Milton, Lord Fitzwilliam's daughter-in-law, were very decorative figures at the huge ball held last week at the Dorchester in aid of the Lilian Baylis Memorial (Vic-Wells Extension) Fund. Mrs. Malcolm Sargent was chairman of the ball committee and Lady Milton helped to receive the guests

(More pictures of this event in next week's issue)

many, which is more of a piece than any other country, therefore, at once easier and more difficult to understand. Let us hope those who pinned their faith in Hitler's will not,

in their disillusionment, jump to the conclusion that after Adolf's day (for even Rasputin was mortal) Germany will be easy to deal with. Easier no doubt but not easy because another leader will assuredly arise to show his one-track subjects another goal. I do not envy our Government or criticize those who seem to rely on something turning up. It often does. R. L. S. said "To travel hopefully is better than to arrive," and remembrance of his courage in illness inspires lesser folk to face the future buoyantly. That all is far from well in this worst of worlds seems obvious to the most complacent. We have been duped with the bogey of Communism into flirting with the alternatives, of which the Nazi method is now unrecognizable from the one it professes to protect Europe from in our time.



PRINCESS ALEXANDER VON CROY AND HER DAUGHTER

An "at home" photograph taken at Pennis House, Fawkham, in Kent. The little daughter of Prince and Princess Alexander von Croy, now aged four months, was christened not long ago at Brompton Oratory, receiving the names Charlotte Alexandra Marie Clotilda. Lady Anson (formerly Miss Anne Bowes-Lyon) and Count Anton Apponyi are among her godparents. Princess Alexander von Croy was Miss Anne Campbell before her marriage



## A MIXED BAG OF SPORT



FISHING ON THE BOYNE: MR. DENNIS O'RORKE, MRS. HARRY MEADE AND MAJOR JOHNNIE O'RORKE



ALSO IRE'S NUMBER ONE ANGLER, MISS JOY O'RORKE AND MRS. R. D. BAIRD



POINT-TO-POINTERS: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL P. E. BOWDEN-SMITH AND SIR PETER GRANT LAWSON



AND SOME MORE: SIR WILLIAM WRIXON-BECHER, MISS DIANA BARNATO AND SIR JOHN PHILIPPS AT NORTON FARM

Salmon-fishing and steeplechasing are the matters of concern on this page, the former near the spot where the Battle of the Boyne was fought, the latter in our not so very pleasant England. Major Johnnie O'Rorke, famous in Ireland's polo world and in most forms of sport, including big-game shooting, has rented Frances Lady Conyngnam's famous beat of the Boyne, near Slane Castle, and the news is that the sport is quite super. Dennis is his elder son, and Joy, rated Ireland's number one angler, his daughter. Mrs. Meade is the wife of the famous Dublin surgeon, and Mrs. Baird the wife of Major R. D. Baird, 1st R.B., at present at Tidworth. As to the point-to-pointing pictures, Colonel Bowden-Smith, formerly 16th/5th Lancers, and one time Chief Instructor at Weedon, and Sir Peter Grant Lawson were at the recent Pytchley Point-to-Point, at Great Brington, where the latter won the Blues' Regimental Race on his own horse, "Only Son." The other picture was taken at the H.H. meeting at Norton Farm near Alton. Sir William Wrixon-Becher, who is in the Rifle Brigade (R. of O.) is with pretty Diana Barnato and Sir John Philipps, whose seat is Picton Castle in Pembrokeshire



# THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

## An Afternoon with the Film Society

THE last session of the Film Society, held at the New Gallery, was one of exceptional interest. The first film was a "short" having to do with the city of Petra, that romantic and rather frightening pile of ruins in the heart of the Arabian Desert which has known and shows imposing architectural relics of four civilizations—Edomite, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman. This picture was beautifully done, lasted ten minutes, is British and should be commercially shown everywhere. The next item was the first of a series entitled "Originals and Remakes." The idea is to show a picture of the pre-talkie period, and then the same picture as it was screened after the actors had found their voices, or had their voices found for them. The first film to be so displayed was *The Informer*, adapted from Mr. Liam O'Flaherty's novel. This was originally a British production of the year 1929. The director was Arthur Robinson, remembered as the director of the great *Warning Shadows*. I found this very impressive. And impressive in the way that the best plays of Mr. Sean O'Casey are impressive, with all their suggestion of dingy squalor as a background to tragic happenings in a capital but small city. The old film was acted by Lars Hansen, Carl Harbord, Lya de Putti, and Janice Adair, and these artistes gave me the impression that all this was really happening, and happening in Dublin. Then in 1935, Hollywood took it into its head to remake this picture, and at once, possibly through the introduction of too much realism, all reality went out of the film. It began with Frankie's cap, Frankie being the murderer upon whose head a price has been set. In the case of the first film you thought about the price; in the second you thought about the cap which Director John Ford had set upon Frankie's head! This was a glaring, brand-new, Jackie-Cooganesque affair which would have made the whole of Dublin turn round and stare, and would have had Jackie, played by Wallace Ford arrested after two days. Then, of course, they must needs get Victor McLaglen to play the Informer. Now Victor is a very good actor, but there is no suggestion about him of the rat Wallace Ford suggested, and which I take the Informer to have been. Also the whole thing no longer seems to be happening in Dublin, but in some Irish quarter of Los Angeles. And where in the first film half a dozen policemen suffice, we must now see deployment of armoured cars and the like. I have no doubt in my mind as to which is the better interpretation of Mr. O'Flaherty's novel. At the same time I have equally little doubt as to which was the greater box-office success.

With this double-film out of the way we came to the main proposition of the afternoon, and personally I found it a very stiff proposition. But then, you see, what is known as "preliminary literature" had filled me with high hopes that *Professor Mamlock* was to be a really remarkable film. The New York critics had already declared it to be such. Thus Frank S. Nugent wrote this: "Here is a topic which Hollywood has not dared to touch. . . . Russia has made the move in an engrossing, sincere, admirably played, and frequently highly dramatic film. . . . It is not only that the cobblestones are real, or that the men and women are real instead of extras, or that neither they nor we ever are conscious of the camera's presence. It has something to do with the Russian ability to train lens and lights upon a mass of men and women and reduce them to a single dramatic mood—panic, suspense, rage, fear or horror." Dorothy Masters declared the film to be "a powerful condemnation, one that achieves its dramatic purpose without the maudlin distortions of prejudice and propaganda." Herbert Cohn called the film "inspiring" and went on to say that "for those who have democracy at heart, it is, in addition, a tonic to revive spirits shattered at Munich." Archer Winsten said: "The picture rises to splendid heights of indignation and sincerity." William Boehnel had this: "With magnificent eloquence the Russians spin a fierce and shattering indictment of Nazi terrorism in the brilliantly acted and directed screen version of Friedrich



JEAN GABIN AND SIMONE SIMON IN "LA BÊTE HUMAINE"

In order to celebrate the opening of the new Paris Cinema in Lower Regent Street on Thursday, April 20, the Marquis de Casa Maury has secured, perhaps, what is the greatest French picture since *Pépé le Moko*, namely *La Bête Humaine*. The story which is by Emile Zola, represents locomotives and the iron way as allegorical monsters dominating mankind. Jean Gabin plays the part of Lantier the engine-driver, who is cursed for the sins of his forefathers. Simone Simon was recalled especially from Hollywood for the part of Severene Roubard, and so much has she moulded herself into the part, that she has had her hair dyed for the role

Wolf's *Professor Mamlock*. It is a film in which the characters are full grown, alive, and vital. It not only confirms what we already know, but reaffirms it with such grisly reality that it makes one ashamed to realize such things are permitted to happen in the world today." And the critic of *Variety* whose sole appellation is "Hobe" declared that judged either as entertainment or propaganda this is a powerful picture: "Its grimly melodramatic story is continuously absorbing, while its anti-Nazi argument carries a devastating wallop."

My own reaction to all this was that it was all very large and would have been extremely fine if I had known what the picture *in detail* was all about. I recognized when Professor Mamlock was turned out of his hospital by the Nazis because he was a Jew, and I recognized when his son was being beaten up by Nazi Russians for insisting upon publishing a Communist newspaper. But there were whole areas of the film concerned with a small provision-dealer's shop in which I did not know who was doing what, or even who was who. There was a girl in it who at times seemed to be a hospital nurse and at other times a leading Communist conspirator. But whether she was the professor's niece and or in love with the professor's son, I could not at any time make out. The film is of enormous length, and it once more proves something which I have always held to be true of highbrow activity. This in the present instance is that while highbrow aims in the Cinema are infinitely superior to anything that Hollywood has ever glimpsed, its method of carrying out those aims accounts for the smile of self-satisfaction worn on every Los Angeles face. The highbrow seems to say: "Here is stark and moving tragedy." What Hollywood says is: "Gee, the first thing about a film is to let folks know what's happening!" I think that if this film was commercially shown it would empty any cinema halfway through. People would be caught up by the vigour of its opening scenes and then gradually lose interest, merely through not being able to follow exactly what is going on. I say this with greater confidence because, although it was Sunday afternoon, I concentrated throughout and did not allow myself to doze off once!



## DISPORTING AT DAVOS AND ALSO AT MÜRREN



AT MÜRREN: MR. GEORGE NEWMAN AND  
LADY JOAN NEWMAN, HIS CHARMING WIFE



LADY JOYCE ALLERTON, HER SON (left), MISS  
SONIA CONVERSE AND (left) A GUIDE



AT DAVOS: PRINCE CARL AND  
PRINCESS ELSA BERNADOTTE



MRS. RITCHIE TILLOTSON AND THE HERZOG LUDWIG  
IN BAYERN



MISS BETTY BARBOUR  
STARTING OUT



Photos by Dr. R. H. Schloss  
MRS. HENRI LAFLEUR AND MR. R. BRAY  
IN THE SUN AND SNOW

Whilst the snow at Davos and Mürren is reported to be still good, those parts of the world do not enjoy a monopoly, for we have had more than a fair sprinkling in the British Isles of late. As to those in these pictures Mr. George Newman, the Middlesex cricketer, married Lord and Lady Clarendon's only daughter in 1933, and they have two charming offspring, a little boy and girl. Prince Carl Bernadotte, nephew of the King of Sweden, and his wife when caught by the drop shutter were busy watching the Slalom in the 'Three Days' Race at Davos. Mrs. Ritchie Tillotson and the Herzog Ludwig in Bayern, a member of the Younger House of Bavaria, were off fully laden with skis to catch the Parsenn train to the heights above. Miss Betty Barbour was a starter in the Meierhoftöli race at Davos, and last in our little gallery are Mrs. Henri Lafleur, a fair visitor from Montreal, sitting in the sun and snow with Mr. R. Bray who belongs to our own London town, at present a most unpleasant place



# Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

WHY there are not more mixed jumping and flat meetings I don't know. They are by far the most popular and as they draw all the fans under both codes attendances are good. Can it be true that Kempton weren't given permission to stage a really valuable hurdle race at their Easter Meeting—and if so, why? Anyway, Liverpool Spring Meeting in good weather is a joy even if it is only to be back in the game again. The first race, a two-year-old selling plate, showed how forward horses are this year, for instead of the usual collection of undersized runts from Cruft's, this year there were some very nice animals. The winner made over a "monkey," and as the stable were underbidders the form is probably pretty good. The Coronation Hurdle was won by Master Matty without being extended, and he is probably pretty useful at this game. "Tom" won the Liverpool Hurdle with Aldine, who had run fourth only the day before in the Lincoln. He got a great cheer, and standing there with his mackintosh all buttoned wrong on to his coat buttons he declared he had never been so excited and anxious in his life, even to the point of having got into the wrong bed the night before. Let me hasten to add that it was Mrs. Tom who was the owner.

Danny Morgan had an unfortunate double in the hurdle races. His horse in the first resolutely refused to go out of a canter, possibly due to his fall at Cheltenham, and in the second his saddle slipped on what he was pleased to refer to as a "slow, nasty horse." The National I was privileged to watch with a charming and lovely owner who had taken every superstitious precaution so dear to women's hearts to ensure success, even to wearing the same underclothes she had worn when he won his last big race. (This information is, of course, entirely hearsay.) This superstition is a new one on me, but if universally carried out some owners who have fancied runners every day must have a diminutive laundry bill for *lingerie*. As the lady in question had not fed up for two days, was white at the gills and probably sweating slightly behind the saddle, it was a merciful thing she didn't throw a fit when her horse disappeared early on in the race.

Talking of superstitions recalls that this morning's mail brought an astonishing document from a firm suggesting that for the purely nominal sum of two guineas each they would send me the horoscope of my racehorses.

While, of course, there are more things in heaven and earth, etc. etc., but I could never be convinced that the fact of Sagittarius being in the house of Venus could affect the running of the two-year-old selling at Musselburgh. I have just come from Hollywood, and which star was in whose house made no difference whatsoever to the Santa Anita Handicap.

Perhaps bookmakers take these horoscopes which might account for their uncanny foreknowledge of winners and the famine prices they lay against them in consequence first time out. At any rate, it is a more charitable view than the more generally accepted theory of the supernation of stable lads. I feel, too, that ten per cent of the value of my animals is too high a price to pay, and I shall still rely on the more mundane and probably less accurate method of trying them on the gallops.

Workman, the National winner, started life being hunted and winning point-to-points in County Limerick, where a friend of mine had him on offer at hunter price on the recommendation that "you couldn't throw that one down with a wire." I understand he



"WORKMAN"—AND HE LOOKS IT!

Also he performed like it when he won the National, for he never put a foot wrong the whole way, and once on the flat his high class served him well. His fine performance lends much colour to the supposition that he would have won last year but for bad luck. Congratulations to the owner, Sir Alexander Maguire, the trainer, J. Ruttle, and the gallant jockey, T. Hyde

never has fallen in his life and from the way he jumped it seems unlikely that, barring interference, he ever will. It did look any odds on Kilstar or any class horse that stood up to

beat him on the run in, but he has a great heart, stays all day, and his "turn of foot" at the end is a suck in. Altogether, while there may have been no great horses in the race, the general class was rather above the average.

National Night at the Adelphi was much on the usual lines, though not so rough, hectic and lethal as a few years ago. The reason for a hunting horn at a party is obscure and anything up to a dozen of them being badly blown by bookmakers' runners is quite unfathomable, but it is preferable to waiting an hour for your liqueur brandy and then seeing the "wop" who should have brought it being carried out mutilated and feet first.

Saturday is really the best day's racing of the lot. Good horses run over fences with only themselves to blame if they fall, in fact, one could wish the National was run under the conditions of the Champion or that the Champion had the value and was over the distance of the National. So many really good horses get knocked over, baulked and possibly soured for life by the attentions of a dangerous amateur on a worse than moderate horse in the National.

The Molyneux field was nothing like a good one, and the winner though sharp doesn't look like going on. The combination of Carlslake and Black Speck was a joy to watch in the Liverpool Cup as was the jumping of Uplifter in the Champion. Altogether a grand and enjoyable meeting.

#### POINT-TO-POINT DATES (APRIL)

Household Brigade (B.F.) Military, 5; Meynell, 5; Cumberland Farmers, 6; Fitzwilliam, 6; Ashford Valley, 8; Badsworth (B.F.), 8; Berks and Bucks Farmers' Stag-hounds, 8; Eglington, 8; Fernie, 8; Hertfordshire, 8; Ledbury, 8; Lord Leonfield's, 8; Lunsdale and Oxenholme Stag-hounds and Vale of Lune Harriers, 8; Morpeth, 8; Royal Artillery and R.A. (Aldershot), 8; South Oxfordshire, 8; West Somerset and Quantock, 8; Wheatland, 8.



MAJOR PHIPPS HORNBY  
AND MISS CAMPBELL

Snapped at the recent Taunton Vale Point-to-Point which was run at Jordans, near Ilminster, Somerset. Miss Campbell was the runner-up in the Ladies' Race on Mrs. G. Dennis's Dun Bell. It was won by Miss Timmis on Mr. Frost's Profit



LEICESTERSHIRE  
GOES 'CHASING

The Melton Hunt Meeting



LORD ALLERTON AND LADY DARESBUY  
ON THE MOVE AT BURTON LAZARS



MR. MURRAY SMITH AND A  
WINDPROOFED MISS CUBITT



MR. AND LADY ROSEMARY GRESHAM  
BEFORE THE OPENING EVENT



LADY ROSEMARY ELIOT  
AND LADY NUTTING



LORD NEWTOWN BUTLER WITH  
MISS BETTYNE EVERARD



MRS. LUKE LILLINGSTON AND SON  
TALKING TO MRS. SEELY

It was both cold and wet when the Melton Hunt 'Chases took place at Burton Lazars last week, but Leicestershire rolled up in fine force. Mr. J. F. Gresham rode his wife's Front Page in the first event on the card, but was unplaced. Mr. Luke Lillingston, Joint Master with his wife, of the Harrington, had one going in the Leicestershire Hunt 'Chase, and Mrs. Lillingston had brought their young son to see it run, but they weren't in the money either. Undeclared Lady Daresbury, who has had at least two bad falls this season, was riding and walking about by turns. It is good news that no change is signalled from the Belvoir country, for Colonel Colman and Lord Daresbury would be hard to replace. That Sir Harold Nutting is also going on as Quorn Master is first-rate, too. Lady Nutting brought their future daughter-in-law, Lady Rosemary Eliot, to Melton 'Chases and was busy with introductions in all directions. Lady Rosemary, who is engaged to the second son of the House of Quenby, Mr. Edward Nutting, The Blues, is the elder daughter of the late Lord St. Germans, and of Lady Blanche Douglas



# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## Autobiography by Anecdote.

I HAVE often wondered what it was like when we read how a number of people sat round a dinner-table enthralled while one guest delivered a long and yet never-boring monologue. Now I know! It must be rather as if someone read aloud Sir Edward Marsh's book of reminiscences "A Number of People" (Heinemann and Hamish Hamilton; 15s.). For though this book begins, conscientiously enough, as an autobiography it is to all intents and purposes, a lovely long gossip about people, famous and near-to-fame. Gossip of the best kind, however, never malicious, and only impolite—one could never call it "rude"—towards anonymous folk. As, for instance, Lady Oxford's description of a certain politician: "As for —, of course, he can't see a belt without hitting below it, but then he doesn't know where it is." Again, I was amused by Lady Astor's description of a fabulously luxurious house-warming at a great mansion to which the owner has been enabled to return by an accession of wealth: the climax was "and the sheets were so fine that the blankets tickled you through, and the guests woke up in the morning exhausted with laughing." Forgive me, however, if this review is more a collection of excellent anecdotes than anything else. It is a book of that kind. You can open it almost anywhere and be sure to find a witty, amusing, but never a catty story about someone. Of its kind it is almost a perfect volume of reminiscences—the kind of reminiscences which interest you even when you have never been within a thousand handshakes of meeting the subjects. As I wrote above, it is rather like sitting round a dinner-table while someone who has lived in the social, political, literary, dramatic and artistic "swim" holds forth in his most entertaining manner.

True, Sir Edward was for years secretary to Mr. Winston Churchill; he has held high place in the Civil Service; but he avoids his own reactions to this professional life except as it provides a series of vivid character-studies of the people with whom he came in contact. In any case, he infers that this professional side of his life was only a means to an end. The end being friendship and intimacy with almost everyone worth knowing in that cultured side of pre- and post-war social life of London which has, however, nothing whatever to do with the tawdry significance of what is known in these days as Society. Moreover, he seems to be possessed, himself, of the happy gift of making a number of friends. Thus, the intimate letters published in this book—letters written to the author by, among others, Rupert Brooke—give it a lasting value far beyond the glory of first-hand anecdotes. It is sad to remember that such a glorious band of young men—Rupert Brooke, Edward Horner, Julian and Billy Grenfell, Patrick Shaw-Stewart, Conrad Russell—all with "promise" and some with "achievement" to their credit, were among those whom the war took in its revolting carnage. The sorrow is all the greater because in this book they come so intimately back to life. What a waste! And what a loss they were to England! The chapters concerning them are some of the most interesting in the book. With them Sir Edward could share his intense love of poetry and art, a love which runs like some lovely thread through a book otherwise almost entirely devoted to the famous in their sphere of life. Nevertheless, how delightfully these people come in these pages to us as living individuals. Here, for example, a story concerning the late Viola Tree which, for me, painted her picture far clearer than if her character had been analysed. "At the time when she was training for a prima-donna, she wrote in a moment of despondency that, looking into the future she could foresee no fruits of her career but

a laurel lyre as tall as herself, covered with dust, and ticketed *Hommage de Valparaiso*."

And this amused me very much. It is a letter written to the Secretary of State for War during Demobilisation: "Dear Sir, I am appealing to you because the position seems hopeless. We have a man, Sergeant, 12911, Damerell by name, Army Pay Office, Blackheath, for whom we have held his birth open for two years and over. We were told that if we were patient we should regain his services in June. We have carried on till now, June arrives, but we find that they will not release him because he has not got three wound stripes or more, which is practically an impossible thing to obtain, whilst he is in the Army Pay Office at Blackheath, all the time." I liked, too, this story of the late Lilian Baylis:

"One of her actors, who was a great favourite of hers, got engaged to be married, and she gave the couple her blessing:

'Come to me in your joys, and come to me in your sorrows, but don't come in the betwixt-and-between times—I've no time for chit-chat.' " And this story which Princess Antoine Bibesco tells against herself: "Lady Oxford had taken it into her head to write to her husband, Antoine Bibesco, asking why she didn't do more good works, for instance, visit a hospital, and he had replied: 'But dearest Margot, Elizabeth visits a hospital three times a week, with the result that the lame walk, the blind see, and the dumb would speak if they could get a word in edgeways.'"

These, however, are only a few anecdotes in a book which seems to teem with them. And they concern people in all kinds of different positions in life—from famous Dons to famous politicians, from famous authors to famous artists, from famous actors to dear, delightful Mrs. Elgy who has, "done" for the writer for years and years. But for me the charm of these stories is that they are, as a rule, so much more than merely good stories, they are typical also of the people about whom they are told. Consequently, it is rather as if one met them oneself—to like, or dislike, or to realise that one would likely speak a different language, as the case may be. But never is one uninterested or in the least bit bored. In fact, if I were suddenly asked, as I sometimes am, to recommend a generally

(Continued on page 12)



Bassano

## WINIFRED GRAHAM

Whose latest novel, "Glenvirgin's Ghost," is a daring story dealing with euthanasia, in which she does not hesitate to bring in names of living people. No wonder the village of Glenvirgin rejoiced in possessing such an attractive ghost, and he plays a large part in this intriguing story. Winifred Graham, who has numberless novels to her credit, has become a recruit and life member of the Voluntary Euthanasia Legalisation Society



## NOEL GODBER, HUMORIST

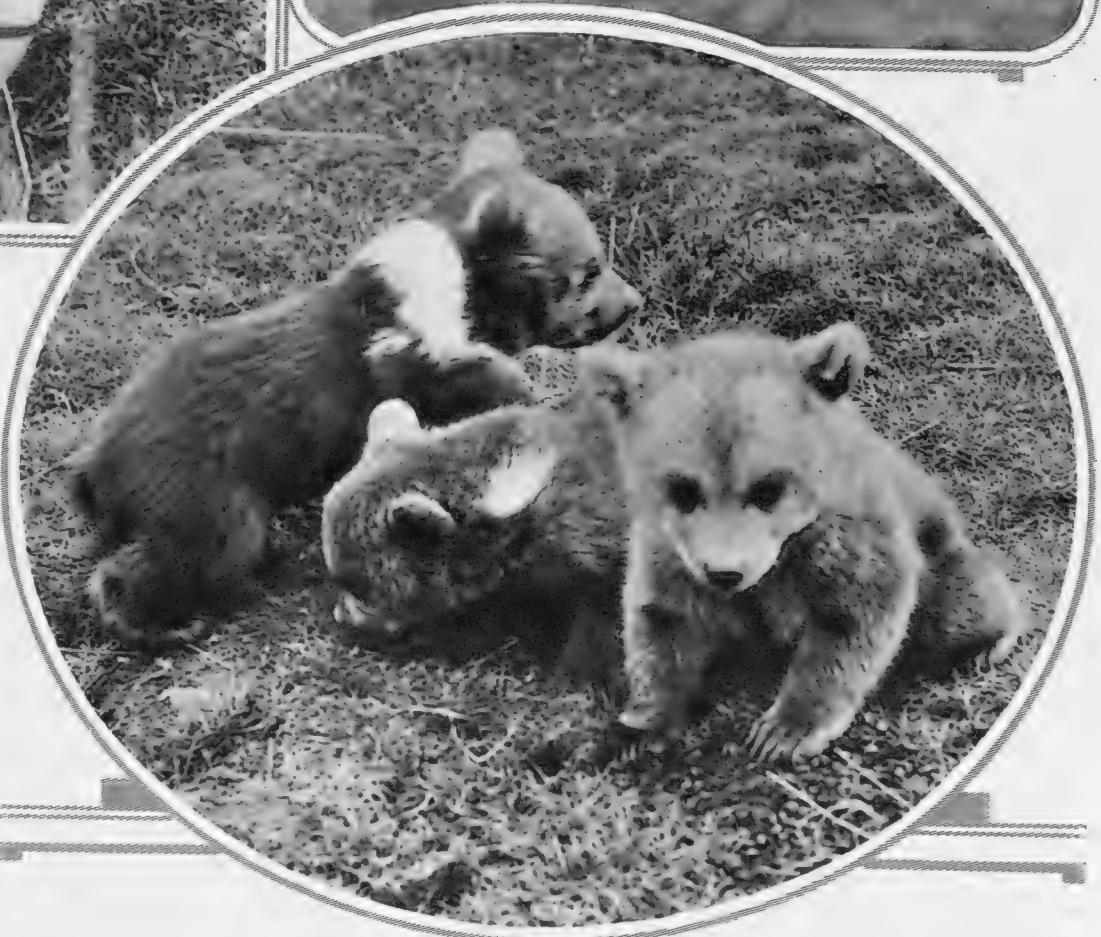
To make people laugh in these not so cheerful days is to be a public benefactor. Such a one is Noel Godber, whose new book, "Miss Barelegs," was published last month. Wit and satire come easily to Mr. Godber's pen and this time he has chosen advertising (an open book to him) as the setting for his fun-making



## BABY BEARS GO OUT TO PLAY



THIS BALL GAME SEEMS GREAT FUN



COME ON YOU TWO, LET'S HAVE A GAME!

These delightful photographs of the eleven-weeks-old brown bears, of which there are six, were taken at Whipsnade. The sportsmen are now old enough to leave their mother, and like all other young things, the urge for the open spaces is compelling. Number One appears to have been slightly bolder than the rest of the family and struck out on his own, found a ball and proceeded to get busy with it. Number Two is not quite so enterprising, as he is trying to get mother to come with him, which she appears reluctant to do, perhaps telling him that he won't always have her by his side and must learn to fight his own battles. In the last photograph, everything seems quite all right and the party has got over the shy stage and is in more or less full blast



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

readable book, I should at once suggest "A Number of People." It is safe ground for anybody—or almost anybody. Written by a man who by natural curiosity has been interested in everybody he has ever met, everything he has ever done, and who, as he tells us, has had few of the more staggering ups-and-downs of existence, yet has never found the calmer levels devoid of interest and excitement; which, incidentally, they never are. It is, however, usually a rare, but nevertheless a very enviable attitude towards life. The trouble with most of us being that we don't know a calm level when we travel along it. At least, paradoxically, only when we are pulled up suddenly at the end of it by the jerk of woe.

## Strange Love-Story.

The supernatural is a dangerous element to play with—even in a book. Too much "production" and it becomes either a fairy- or a ghost-story. Too little, and it becomes rather silly. The convincing mean? Well, it seems to me that Edith Pargeter has caught it admirably in her novel "The City Lies Four-Square" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). And this, if for no other reason than that the spirit which haunts the lovely old Jacobean house which Dr. Julian bought and where he intended to bring Margaret, his bride-to-be, has some human significance. It is not just a disembodied vision with apparently little better to do than to wander about after twilight to scare the cook. The spirit which haunts Providence Cottage is the spirit of Patrick Mundy, poet and lover, who is tied to earth by the fact that the girl he loved, when she died, went to Heaven and to God, while he, who had lived only for her and his love for her, was still earth-bound through this devotion, which had never searched for God nor wanted to share it with Him. It all happened one hundred years ago. Patrick, who had loved Damaris deeply, passionately, strangely enough stepped aside, so to speak, to allow Harry Belgaine to win her if he could. Harry believed only in this life and no other. Patrick in the life eternal. Harry only asked for happiness now. Would not Patrick then give him the opportunity to find it, for what, in comparison with eternity, was such a little while. So Patrick went back to his estate in Ireland, and Damaris became Harry's wife. Only when, some years later, Patrick returned and died as the result of an accident, did he discover, too late, and when he was a "shadow" haunting the surroundings of his earthly life, that Damaris had always loved him, that she had only married Harry because she thought her love for Patrick was not returned. Then she, too, dies and goes to Heaven, leaving Patrick's spirit earthbound through his first refusal to leave the place where Damaris still lived. Perhaps all this sounds rather far-fetched, but the lovely manner in which it is told makes it strangely moving—moving, in spite of the fact that the reason for Patrick's withdrawal to allow Harry to win Damaris seemed curious—at least, it did to me. Granted that it was so, however, the story has an undeniable beauty. The manner by which Patrick makes himself known to Julian is perfectly carried out. Only in

the beginning is it frightening. Later on, it becomes for Julian as if a deeply-loved brother were by his side, talking to him, asking for and giving comfort. And through this association the whole sad story of Patrick is revealed—his tragic destiny on the "other side," the pitiful wastefulness of his life. Occasionally, when Patrick is standing against the twilight, Julian can actually see him. And as the friendship and love between the two men grows, so Julian at last conceives a plan which will enable Patrick to sever his earth-bonds and to rejoin Damaris in Heaven. The last bond is broken when Patrick realises that his love for Julian and Julian's love for him is coming between Julian and

Margaret, the girl who is to become his wife, and in an almost despairing determination to fade out of his friend's life and return to his utter loneliness, he achieves the last sacrifice which gives him liberation and allows him to follow Damaris to Heaven. This is only a brief outline, however, of a story which is as unusual as it is beautifully conceived.

## Thoughts from "The City Lies Four-Square."

"We are so made that of our own god-head we must choose and accomplish our own salvation."

"The griefs which bite most deeply are quiet griefs; and the most haunted place in the world is the place where someone has been desperately unhappy."

"The greatest panacea we have in the world is to forget ourselves in someone else. . . ."

"We malign love so much by narrowing it, and making jokes and cheap songs about it, and applying its name to all sorts of loathsome things; but it's still the greatest force in earth or heaven."

## A First-Rate Thriller.

The other day I was talking to a woman of my acquaintance—not a very intelligent one, perhaps, but still . . . Anyway, she informed me that after she had ceased work her one enthusiasm was for thrillers. She said she could read thrillers all day and loved gangster films whenever she

could see them. Yet her actual hobby was her greenhouse and her aviary! Maybe, perhaps, Ngaio Marsh's "Overture to Death" (Collins; 7s. 6d.) might not suit her type of mentality, but for the connoisseur in thrills it is a first-rate mystery—so well told that it would be interesting even though there were no excitement piled on excitement towards the end. It begins thus: seven of the leading inhabitants of a village produce a play in aid of their church. Two elderly ladies want to perform the overture. Miss Prentice wants to play Nevin's Venetian Suite; Miss Campanula Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C sharp minor. After much bitterness Miss Prentice wins the contest, but just before the performance she has to resign because of a poisoned finger. Miss Campanula immediately steps into her place. But, just as she strikes her three opening chords, a revolver which had been rigged up inside the piano, goes off and shoots her through the head. Now, was the bullet intended for Miss Prentice or for Miss Campanula? Well, I can promise you that the solution is both ingenious and convincing.

## The (Im) Patient



*There are bands of steel around my head,  
And in my back there's a lump of lead  
Which keeps me awake however I lie,  
It's a very good thing I am going to die!  
So take all that filthy food away,  
Who wants food when they're on their way  
To the grave—just tottering on the brink?  
Turn out that light and get me a drink—  
You've taken my temperature quite enough—  
I'm not going to drink that filthy stuff—  
Why don't you give my pillows a shake?—  
Don't stand there gaping, for Heaven's sake—  
It's bad enough to be three parts dead  
Without you messing about my bed.*

*We think the patient is better, don't you?  
But he's had quite a nasty dose of 'flu.*

"BUS."



## PALM BEACH EN PLEINE SAISON



AT THE SEMINOLE COUNTRY CLUB FOR BIG  
GOLF: MR. AND MRS. CHARLES SWEENEY



MRS. ARMSTRONG ("FOXIE")  
GWYNNE FEELING HAPPY



MRS. EARL SMITH, LOVELY YOUNG BLONDE,  
WATCHES GOLF WITH MRS. PHILIP HILL



MR. FRANK REDIKER (LEFT) WITH SEÑOR  
AND SEÑORA EYZAGUIRRE



STAYING AT THE VILLA AMADO:  
MRS. JEAN COCHRAN



STAYING WITH MRS. CHASE: COMMANDER  
AND MRS. WARDEN GILCHRIST

The large majority of these pictures from ever-popular Palm Beach were taken at the Seminole Country Club, while the Pro-Amateur golf foursomes, in which famous American professionals partner Club members, were in progress. Mr. Charles Sweeney was a competitor, watched by his wife, whom Palm Beach, of course, admires immensely; note her white sharkskin dress, which was ideal for what proved to be the hottest day to date. Popular Mrs. Philip Hill, who used to play golf herself as Miss Doris Lytton, watched the foursomes with keen interest, and was backing Woolworth Donahue and partner John Bulla; they went out in the remarkable score of 31, but crashed later. The Pedro Eyzaguirres also followed the fortunes of fancied pairs. He is an Attaché at the Chilean Legation in Paris, and his wife, formerly Princesse de Wagram, is the last generation of the famous Berthier family, descended from Napoleon's Marshal. Mrs. Jean Cochran, daughter of H.H. Princess Chlodwig von Hohenlohe-Schillingfurst and the late Mr. Gifford Cochran, of New York, was one of Mr. "Charlie" Mumm's villa guests





THE OPEN FOURSOMES TOURNAMENT FINALS AT SUNNINGDALE

C. Rissik and E. Kenyon, a Beaconsfield partnership of no mean prowess, won the open foursomes tournament recently at Sunningdale. In the final they beat C. Bell and C. Denny, of Thorpe Hall, at the nineteenth, in a match of dramatic episodes, all crowded into the final stages. The above photograph shows the finalists going to the first green. L. to r.: C. Rissik, E. W. H. Kenyon, C. S. Denny and C. M. Bell

FOR once, the critics were right, and Cambridge did win the University match. When it came to it, there was no doubt they were the better side. I always knew they were, and now I feel rather ashamed of having "hedged" on the day before the race. Though my revered colleague Mr. Bernard Darwin—a good Cambridge patriot if ever there was one—suffered agonies of apprehension throughout the two days, I must say that I had only one moment of any real anxiety, and that was during the middle of the first round of the foursomes. At that time I should not have been in the least surprised if Oxford had led by four to one; indeed, in a darker moment, I recall that the prospect of a clean sweep entered my mind. Such thoughts, however, did less than justice to Cambridge, who accomplished absolute miracles of recovery. Browne, who so far as I know is not addicted to artificial stimulants at luncheon, turned out to be quite invincible in the afternoons: four down in the foursomes, he won by 2 and 1; five down in the singles, he got home on the last green, after being three up with three to play. Then, again, there was the remarkable case of Buchanan, who defeated Wynn after being six down at lunch. Wynn was in tremendous form in the morning, and holed St. George's in 74—and anyone who knows St. George's will appreciate what that means in a really strong wind. On the whole, Buchanan kept his end up quite well to be as little as six down—I could name a good many players who would have been ten or twelve behind against that score. Then came one of those extraordinary turns of fortune that make golf such a devastating game. Everything went right for Buchanan in the afternoon, and everything wrong for the luckless Wynn. If Wynn got a regulation four, Buchanan holed his putt for a three; and when Buchanan took five,

## Concerning Golf

By HENRY LONGHURST

that was the time when Wynn took six. Result: Buchanan wins 11 holes out of 14, and the match by 5 and 4. As Raymond Oppenheimer observed, no lead seems long enough in the University match these days.

It was a tough break for Donald Garrow (Oxford) and Sam Dalley (Cambridge) that the 'flu should claim them at the critical moment. Still, they had each played in the match before, and that was something. I was glad, though, to see Wynn get his place in the team, for he had been trying hard for some years, and had had the mortification of seeing his picture in a newspaper with which I am not unconnected, bearing the caption: "One of Oxford's new Blues." The mistake was due to a faulty description by the agency supplying the photograph, but that can have been but little consolation to the player concerned when a few days later the team was completed and he was left as reserve.

I don't remember when St. George's was in finer condition, and its devoted admirers all over the world will be delighted to read that it is rapidly regaining its true seaside character. Heretical cynics in the past have been heard to mutter the words "St. George's Park." Such rudery is no longer justified. The greens, true as could be, and worthy of Burroughes and Watts, were desperately keen in the strong March wind, and some of the students were all at sea on them. They hit the ball vast distances, these fellows, but their putting, I thought, still left something to be desired, even allowing for their inevitable inexperience. I don't care what you say. However far you are from the hole, there is no need, with reasonable care, to take more than three putts!

Which reminds me of an occasion three or four years back, when I was partnering Mark Seymour in the Italian Open at San Remo. The greens were not in very good order, and had been rendered extremely odd by several thunderstorms. The professionals were complaining bitterly of "three putts on ten greens and four putts twice," and such-like. Mark and I agreed, as we walked up the second hole, that no man in his senses need take four putts, whatever the conditions. We thanked heaven that we, at least, were "not as one of these."

On the third green, Mark was ten yards above the hole. His first putt ran four yards past; his second ran four feet back again above the hole. I looked at him and he looked at me. I should not think he has ever tried harder with a putt in his life—but a moment later he had taken his four putts.



LORD SANDHURST DRIVING OFF AT PARKSTONE

The occasion was the Inaugural Branksome Challenge Foursomes Spring Meeting, promoted by the Branksome Tower Hotel, in conjunction with "Golf Illustrated." The meeting was held on the same lines as the famous Branksome Challenge Cup week-end, held each autumn, which is considered one of the most popular meetings in the golfing calendar



# REFERRING TO THE REFEREES



## LONDON SOCIETY OF RUGBY FOOTBALL UNION REFEREES JUBILEE DINNER—By "MEL"

The above Society held its Jubilee Dinner at Frascati's Restaurant the other day in London. There was a large number of Rugger men present, Internationals and past-Internationals, to commemorate the fiftieth birthday of this most excellent Society, which is so ably run by the famous old referee Mr. A. J. Trollope. The chair was taken by Admiral Sir Percy Royds, who is a past-President of the Rugby Football Union. Seldom has a better speech been listened to than that of "Padre" McHardy, who proposed the toast of "The Rugby Football Union," to which Major-General Basil Hill—the President R.F.U.—replied

# THE OLD BERKELEY POINT-TO-POINT



MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY AND HER  
SON, THE HON. JULIAN BROUGHAM



LORD CADOGAN, M.F.H. (GRAFTON)  
ON PETER WILLIAM



OVER THE TIMBER:  
MRS. RICHARD AGNEW



MAJOR AND MRS. W. H. EDWARDS AND MISS PEGGY  
WOOD, CHARMING FILM-STAR



MRS. F. B. STEWART, MR. AND MRS. JOHN TABOR, AND  
MRS. A. G. ELLIOT, M.F.H. (SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE)

The weather at Kimble, near Princes Risboro', was exactly like the fabled curate's egg: they raced between snowstorms, but the in-betweens were good, and the snow was not bad enough to interfere with the going. They had very good fields and plenty of fun. Best of all, perhaps, one of the joint-Masters, Mr. W. C. Devereux, got into the money, as his Stormount Prince won the Ladies' Race, ridden by Miss Wadeson. Mrs. F. B. Stewart, who is in one of the groups at the bottom, also had a ride in that race, and finished fourth on Mr. Jason. Visiting Masters in addition to Lord Rosebery, who was one of the Stewards, included Lord Cadogan, from the Grafton, who rode in the Nomination Race, and equally popular Mrs. Elliot, from the South Oxfordshire. Mrs. Richard Agnew, wife of Captain Agnew, formerly 15th/19th Hussars, is a daughter of Brig.-General Giles Courage, joint-Master of the Bicester. Mrs. Philip Kindersley is with her son by her first marriage. She married Sir Robert Kindersley's son in 1936. Pretty Miss Peggy Wood is from the Emerald Isle. She starred in the Irish film, *Macushla*.





THE HON. LADY MOSLEY

*Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street*

Lord and Lady Redesdale's third daughter, whose marriage to the Hon. Bryan Guinness was dissolved in 1934, had been Sir Oswald Mosley's wife for over two years before anyone but close friends knew about it. The news was eventually made public by her husband's Fascist paper, "Action," which at the same time announced the birth of a son on November 26. What with this new arrival, her two Guinness sons, and her three stepchildren, the Hon. Lady Mosley has a sizeable family to compete with these days. Her stepdaughter, Miss Vivien Mosley, whose mother, Lady Cynthia Mosley, died in 1933, is one of this season's débutantes. Sir Oswald Mosley, successively a Conservative, an Independent, and a Labour Member of Parliament, went Blackshirt some eight years ago, since when he has not sat in the House of Commons. His wife shares his Fascist views

## FROM THE COUNTRYSIDE OF BRITAIN



THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CLEARWELL CASTLE: LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. CHARLES VEREKER'S GLOUCESTERSHIRE SEAT



MRS. CHARLES VEREKER AND HER CHILDREN



Lieut.-Col. Vereker, the owner of beautiful thirteenth-century Clearwell, is a cousin of the C.I.G.S., General Lord Gort, V.C., Mrs. Vereker, who is his second wife, is a daughter of the late Mr. F. G. Bosanquet. The children are Louise and Neville. As to the fishing pictures from that good salmon river, the Usk, though the recent cold east winds have put the fish off—salmon apparently disliking them as much as we humans—some good catches have been made. For instance, the three fish landed at the Mill Pond, Brecon, by the High Sheriff and Mrs. Llewellyn were 20-pounds. R. W. Law, the famous ghillie, in the same picture, has won practically every professional fly-casting championship in the British Isles. Mr. Beard, owner of Gliffaes and a beat of the river next to Lord Glanusk's—and fellow angler Mr. Savill-Young were out on one of our coldest days—luck therefore indifferent

USK SALMON AND R. W. LAW, THE FAMOUS GHILLIE, AND MR. AND MRS. M. H. LLEWELLYN



MORE USK ANGLERS: MR. L. SAVILL-YOUNG AND MR. E. BEARD

Photos: Truman Howell



## JUMPING IN IRELAND: MOSTLY IN MEATH



MISS ANNE WICKHAM AND  
WING-COMMANDER FOWLER



WAITING FOR IT: MR. PATRICK DAVISON  
AND LORD AND LADY ELVEDEN



MAJOR EVELYN SHIRLEY, M.F.H.,  
AND MRS. SHIRLEY



AT NAAS: MR. SEAN LEMASS  
AND SENATOR J. J. PARKINSON



Poole, Dublin

MORE MEATH: CAPTAIN AND MRS. RICHARD  
MAINWARING AND MRS. WHITEHEAD



AND MISS BARBARA JAMESON AND  
MRS. VICTOR PARR, M.F.H.

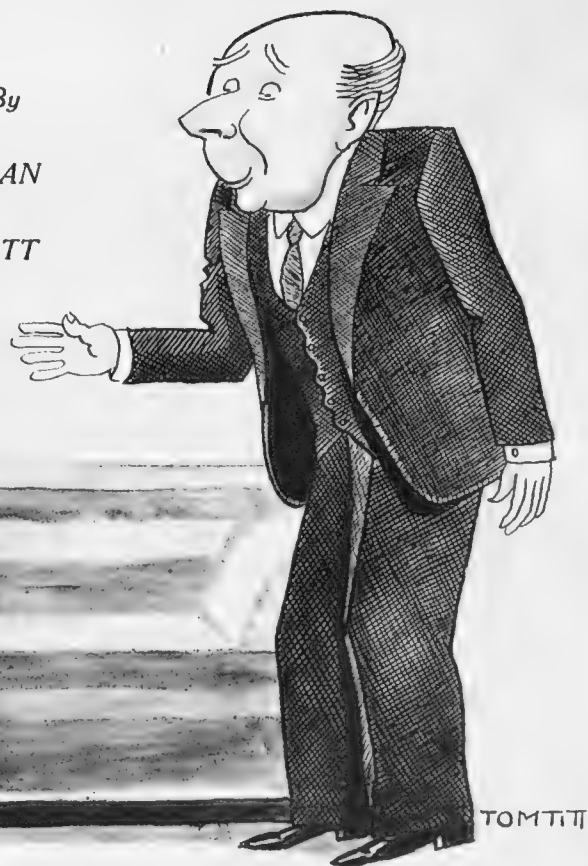
It seems almost unnecessary to record that all these pictures at the Meath Point-to-Point and the jump meeting at Naas were taken after Ireland had heard that an Irish horse had won our Grand National. They say that Eire to a man, woman and child was on Workman! The Meath adventure was held at Cullmullen, near Drumree, and those who know the country will realise that there was something to jump! Both the Meath Masters were on the premises, but Mrs. Nancy Connell evaded the camera. Major Evelyn Shirley, seen with wife, who also goes well over this country, joined Mrs. Connell in 1934. Mrs. Victor Parr, seen on right at bottom, is a former joint-Master of these hounds, as also was Major Victor Parr. Miss Jameson, seen in the same picture, is well known as an owner. Another Meath intimate is Wing-Commander Fowler (ret.), a nephew of that famous Meath Master, Captain Harry Fowler, who was ever bad to beat over this country. Lord Elveden, seen gazing intently with wife, who goes hard with the Ward, is Lord Iveagh's son and heir. As to the solitary snapshot from Naas, Mr. Sean Lemass is Eire's very popular Minister for Industry and Commerce, and Mr. Parkinson owns the largest training establishment in Ireland—Maddenstown, The Curragh

## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By

ALAN

BOTT

NEWS OF INFIDELITY: KAY HAMMOND,  
AGNES LAUCLAN, GEORGE HOWE

AMONG THOSE PRESENT: LOUISE RIVIÈRE, AMBROSINE PHILLPOTTS

THERE was once a comedy about a husband who had a mild bout of infidelity, and a wife who therefore pretended an infidelity of her own. The husband was then restored to his right marital mind, but not before there had been a lot of complications. I don't know when the comedy was first invented—perhaps in the Athens of Aspasia. In one version or another it was probably acted in Rome under every Emperor between Augustus and Homorius; and it has since been written in every language used on the European stage. It has never grown up to be a considerable comedy: its appeal always depends on the polish of its manners, the humour of its situations, and especially on the players.

Mr. Arthur Macrae's *Sugar Plum* is a decidedly small theatrical piece, but it has engaging manners and some pertinent situations. He is hardly original with the Parisian lapse of Lionel, the husband. Among the English variations of the comedy of infidelity, every other one invokes Paris. Ah, Paris!—the women, the laughter, the Bois by day, the *boîtes* by night. According to the friends and relations who in all such pieces rush to inform the wronged wife, Lionel was seen drinking champagne with one of those, at a corner-table in a *boîte*. Mr. Macrae, however, is original in the way Adeline, the wife, treats the news, and why she chooses to pretend tit for tat. While Uncle Bernard and Aunt Barbara proceed to spill their terrible revelations, she telephones the butcher and greengrocer, and won't stop to be impressed. There will be time for that if Lionel admits guilt: after all, he's a publisher, and as everybody knows, publishers are always surrounded by women.

Lionel does all but admit it. He can explain away the lady in the Paris night-club as an authoress discussing Terms; but he nevertheless brings Adeline diamond earrings as a Present from Paris—and in these comedies of Who's with Whom, husbands give diamond presents only when they have been unfaithful. Adeline's reason for then producing an infidelity of her own is not to make Lionel jealous, but to make it easier for him to confess in his



*Infidelity  
Carries  
On*



ANXIETIES OF A NON-  
LOVER: KAY HAMMOND,  
ARTHUR MACRAE AND  
RONALD SQUIRE

turn: people have to be handled so carefully when they're in the wrong.

It is another novelty that, on both sides, the usual jealousy hardly exists. Adeline names as her supposed lover one Ned, who has safely departed for China after lunch, being one of those young writers who visit this country and that and are funny about it. He comes back unexpectedly, of course, not knowing that he has been cast for the rôle of deceiver. Unwillingly, he plays up to it; but the Lionel is Mr. Ronald Squire, and Mr. Squire, as a master at stage-deception, can be relied on to see through such amateur efforts. By far the best of the situations, indeed, is when the undeceived husband joyfully proceeds to give the lackadaisical non-lover a lesson in how to vibrate. Mr. Squire also has opportunity for his well-known technique in lying; though even he can hardly be expected to get away with it on saying that an old school-friend has sent a telegram which, when opened, reads: "Dear foolish one remember June 14 and the twilight on Fontainebleau what shall I do with your dress-studs."

Most of the rest is familiar contrivance, as prescribed for this form of light light-comedy. There is the Drunk Scene, wherein Adeline and Ned all but persuade themselves that there is something to it after all, and are experimenting with kisses when Lionel enters to be discomfited. There is the Wife in the Bachelor's Flat, involving comic business with headaches and pick-me-ups, getting breakfast and making beds. There is the irruption of the friends and relations, delighted to find that the worst seems to have happened. There is the inevitable arrival of the husband, who is confident, however, that no worst has happened. In this variation, the Lionel and Adeline, protesting that neither has been sufficiently jealous of the other, promise to do more about it in future. And there are the entries and re-entries of prospective tenants for the flat, highly respectable ladies calculated to be well and truly shocked when confronted by squabbles and variegated embracings.

It is that kind of entertainment; and if that is the kind of entertainment you are apt to like, you will like it as well as most and better than some. Mr. Macrae has plentifully sprinkled wit of dialogue and device over thin narrative and unlikely doings; and as Ned's actor he is a nice, sleek stooge for the polished impudence of Mr. Ronald Squire and the sulky simplicity of Miss Kay Hammond. With this pair in the leads, it becomes a comedy of good mannerism: Mr. Squire has never done better with facial implication; and Miss Hammond tells as much with her wide, expressive eyes as she does with her rather too cute voice. Mr. George Howe, Miss Agnes Lauchlan and Miss Ambrosine Phillpotts fill out the relations and friends; Miss Louise Rivière is a pleasant *ingénue*. The theatre is the Criterion.

# Priscilla in Paris



Star Presse

## JOSÉ AND PAQUITA, TWO DANCERS FROM MEXICO

Whose dancing has taken Paris by storm and who are consequently in great demand in the cabaret world. Their turn is typical of the country from which they hail and their clothes particularly beautiful. London has so far not had the pleasure of their acquaintance, but it is hoped that that will be rectified at some not distant date

THE splendid welcome that London has given to President and Mme. Lebrun has been thoroughly appreciated in Paris, Très Cher. You should see the eager crowds queuing up outside the news-reel cinemas, and yet, Heaven knows, the French are not a patient people and hate waiting for their pleasures. You cannot imagine how emotional we became as we gathered round our wireless sets. Garbo, in her most pathetic moments, has never caused tears to flow so freely. The enthusiasm that was felt over King Edward's *entente cordiale* in the dear, dull days before the war was a mere prelude to the mass feeling that made us blink and go all choky when the grand and solemn strains of "God Save the King" and the martial lilt of "La Marseillaise" (all mixed up with the tic-a-tic-a-tic-dot-dash-tic-tic of the Morse code and other cross-Channel parasites) came to us over the air.

How our hearts beat when we recognised the quiet, measured tones of English voices that form such a contrast to the way President Lebrun runs upsey-down the scale; he certainly does his elocution-master prahd, but, despite the trills and tremolos that make his speech somewhat dramatic and, therefore, to unaccustomed ears, a little artificial, the sentiment that inspires those trills is the real McCoy. In these troublous times this standing shoulder-to-shoulder of two great nations that are made to understand each other at rock bottom, even though so many superficial differences may give the cartoonists scope for their humour, is more than comforting, and so, says we in unison, "Dieu save le Roi, God bénisse the President! Vive England and long live la France!"



Lipnitzki

## MLLE. JEANNE AUBERT, THE STAR OF THE FOLIES BERGÈRE REVUE

It is reported that the present show at this famous spot is the most successful ever, and is playing to crowded houses. Next season Jeanne Aubert returns to the Nouveautés to play in one of "Rip's" witty revues, which will give her greater scope for her talents as an actress, and allow her more variety in choice of songs. As well as having a lovely voice, she is the most accomplished *diseuse* on the French stage. The jewels in this picture are insured for fifty million francs

The supper-party given by the Princesse de Gourielli at her lovely home on the *Quai de Bethune* after the *première* of Henri Sauget's *Chartreuse de Parme*, at the Opéra, was an event that consoled many of us who were unable to get over to London last week. Princesse Gourielli—who is known to you also as Hélène Rubinstein—has a *chef* who made it very difficult for her guests to follow her business and dietary precepts for the good of their figures! Birds of many a different feather flocked together on the menu and were all diversely succulent. François Mauriac, who was seated by Arletty, soon showed signs of distress, but Arletty, smiling serenely as she made her way through the oysters, the *poularde jaunette*, the *caneton Nantais* and the *coquelets de Bresse*, confessed to having done without her dinner, not only in order to be at the Opéra in time for the first act, but also to be able to do justice to her supper. "Besides," she added, "who knows how much longer we shall be allowed to enjoy such feasts!"

Arletty is one of the younger set who really remember the war, and there was a little crease of anxiety on her usually placid and flawless brow as she recalled the time when, as a girl of fifteen, she worked in a munition factory during the spring and summer of 1918. Seated not far from her was her great friend, Jacqueline Delubac, who is making a reputation for herself in the film world, and is looking well and happy and glad to be free of her matrimonial restrictions. At the same table were Mme. Bourdet, in blue with a butterfly perched precariously on one shoulder—I have never seen a

butterfly try to commit suicide in *consommé* before; Mlle. Le Chevrel, who is Hélène Rubinstein's clever right hand; Mary Marquet, of the Comédie Française; the lovely little Duchesse d'Ayen; Princesse G. de Lucinge; Mme. Paternôtre; and the Comtesse Jean de Polignac, whose immense dove-grey crinoline frock had to be parked out over two chairs, thus isolating her from her neighbours. (What a pity Hitler doesn't wear crinoline pants!) Amongst the men were Georges Auric—I forgot to mention his pretty wife, Nora, who paints; Darius Milhaud, Jacques Février, Boris Kochno, the Comte Gauthier-Vignal, who gave us his "celebrated" imitation of Sarah Bernhardt (I was not amused); Charles-Henri Davau, Roger Lefébure, and the h'artistic 'ouse designers, Louis Süe and Emilio Terry.

Another extremely gay supper-party was given by the *Escholiers* on the stage of the Théâtre du Chatelet in the "Mexican Fair" setting that is one of the principal scenes of the spectacular musical comedy now running at that theatre. The Mexican Fair, be it said, resembles nothing

so much as a corner of Coney Island, or, to come nearer home, any old Luna Park or Magic City with a few hot *tamales*, cacti (I hope this is the right plural for "cactus"), fringed pants, sombreros and *hombres* of various shades, ranging from dark coffee to caff-y-oly, thrown in for local colour. Most of the swings and roundabouts worked and this may be second childhood—we thoroughly enjoyed the merry-go-rounds and the small "big wheel," although the latter got little Oléo into trouble by sticking when she was at the top of the circle, and making her rather conspicuous at the very moment when she thought she was blushing unseen. But it was all immense fun.

PRISCILLA.





### MLLE. LYCETTE DARSONVAL

Studio France-Press

Meet here one of the most brilliant stars of the Paris Grand Opera; in short, its *première danseuse*. Mlle. Lycette Darsonval, who danced the first act of *Gisèle* with Serge Lifar in the mixed programme performance given by members of the Comédie Française, the Odéon, and the Grand Opera at the inauguration of the new National Theatre of the Palais Chaillot, recently added design for dancing to her accomplishments. Her début as a choreographer was made with *La Nuit Venitienne*, of which she was the highlight when it was presented at the Grand Opera last month

## GRAND NATIONAL NIGHT AT THE ADELPHI

MR. H. C. HANBURY AND FIANCEE,  
MISS PRUNELLA HIGGINSSIR ALFRED BUTT, THEATRICAL MAGNATE AND OWNER,  
HAD MRS. DORIS WALTERS AS ONE OF HIS GUESTSMISS IRENE MANN-THOMSON  
AND MR. TONY VICKERSLADY GREY AND MR. JACK ANTHONY  
(RIGHT). LORD AND LADY NORMANTON

LORD AND LADY ROSEBERY

SIR ALEXANDER MAGUIRE, OWNER OF WORKMAN, WITH (LEFT) HIS TRAINER,  
MR. JOHN RUTTLE, AND (RIGHT) TIM HYDE, WHO RODE HIM

Rounding off Grand National Day with a frolic at Liverpool's Adelphi Hotel has become a firmly established custom with quantities of Aintree-ites, and this year it seemed that more people than ever were there to celebrate, in Workmanlike fashion, an all-Irish triumph, no matter whether personal purses were the fatter or the thinner. Sir Alexander Maguire, who bought Workman three years ago, after he had won at Punchestown, and saw him run third in the 1938 National, gave an enormous party at which guests of honour were trainer John Ruttle and jockey Tim Hyde. The former was himself well known between the flags in Ireland before he took to training, and the latter, who turned professional some two years ago, has made his name in the show ring as well as across country. Doubtless Mr. Jack Anthony, who has three times ridden the winner of the world's greatest steeplechase, must have thought back to 1920, when he won on Troytown, also Irish-owned and trained. Lady Rosebery, still not quite recovered from her bad fall out hunting, was naturally very disappointed that her son's Sporting Piper wasn't in the first three; he was baulked by a loose horse at Becher's the second time round, when well up and going strongly. Lord and Lady Normanton both looked as if they had had a good day





Ursula Powys-Lybbe, A.R.P.S.

## LADY ANN ELLIOT INTERVIEWED BY THE CAMERA

The scene of action was mainly 20, Southwick Street, the London abode of Mr. Alexander and Lady Ann Elliot, and also of Victoria Cynthia, the thirteen-months-old daughter of the house, who is alleged to have designs upon accordion-playing (some time in the future). Lady Ann Elliot is Lord Jersey's younger sister, and her husband, to whom she was married in 1937, is a kinsman of Lord Minto. As to the various clues in this composite picture: the Sealyham answers to the name of "Windy"; the boxing-gloves denote only that Lady Ann is fond of watching it; the sun-bathing appendages that that is also one of her avocations at any available moment; the passport that she travels a great deal; and the coloured gentleman and lady are part of the decorations of the house

THE BEAUTY AND DISTING



Bassano

LADY DUNGLASS—A RECENT PORTRAIT



Tunbridge

LADY MONTAGU-POLLOCK

THE COUNTESS

A collection of only an infinitesimal part of the best types which our picture gallery, Lady Dunglass, daughter-in-law of the former Headmaster of Eton, Dr. C. A. Alington, now Beauchamp, whose husband succeeded on the death of Shrive, and before her marriage in 1936 was the wife of Henry Garnett is a daughter of Captain and Mrs. Garnett of the Leicestershire hunting world. Mrs. Garnett also gave birth to Lady Montagu-Pollock is the very beautiful wife of Sir Montagu-Pollock. She is a daughter of Hans Ludvig Dedekam, of Oslo. Her pretty young daughter, was one of the débutantes who formed a part of a reception given by the Lord Mayor and Lady Montagu-Pollock's mother at their Majesties



# ON OF BRITISH SOCIETY



Yeconde



Harlip

MRS. HENRY GARNETT—A NIECE OF LADY DE LA WARR



Harlip

MISS PATIENCE BRAND

## BEAUCHAMP

which is British and, as may be admitted, a very produce. As to a catalogue of this very attractive Earl and Countess of Home, is a daughter of the Dean of Durham. She was married in 1936. Lady his father last year, is a daughter of Fru J. Birkerod w of Dornonville de la Cour of Copenhagen. Mrs. d Leigh, of Thorpe Satchville, so well known in the very well and most often with the Quorn. Lady orge Montagu-Pollock, of Headington Hill, Oxford. orway; and to conclude the list Miss Patience Brand, Brand and Lady Rosabelle Brand, Lord Rosslyn's d of honour to H.M. the Queen when she attended ss on March 28. Miss Brand was presented by her first Court on March 9



### A GLIMPSE INTO THE SCHOOL YARD OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

Next door to the most famous sites of England—the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and Whitehall—stands one of the best-known public schools in the world—Westminster. Originally attached to the Benedictine Abbey of Westminster, the earliest date its existence is specifically mentioned is 1339. Refounded by Henry VIII. and by Queen Elizabeth, it became in the seventeenth century the leading school in the country, under its headmaster, the great Dr. Busby, who ruled it for no fewer than fifty-seven years. Among those educated at Westminster, there have been such celebrities as Ben Jonson, Sir Christopher Wren, Locke, Warren Hastings, Judge Jeffreys, Lord John Russell, Lord Raglan, and many others. The school contains some 365 boys, of whom 40, elected to scholarships, live together in College, and are known as King's Scholars. The King's Scholars have, by tradition, the privilege of taking part in Coronations, and of entry to the House of Commons to listen to debates.

The school activities include the Officers' Training Corps (some of them are in the picture), Scouts, and Physical Training





CLARK GABLE (HARRY VAN), THE AMERICAN SHOWMAN,  
WITH LES BLONDES IN M.-G.-M.'S "IDIOT'S DELIGHT"



EDWARD ARNOLD (ACHILLE WEBER, THE ARMAMENT  
KING), AND NORMA SHEARER (IRENE)

Robert Sherwood's great play, *Idiot's Delight*, which played to packed houses both in London and New York, has now been adapted for the screen by M.-G.-M. The message that the story sets out to impart is the utter futility of war. The screen's two most popular stars, Norma Shearer and Clark Gable, play the leading rôles, Irene and Harry Van, which in the stage version were taken respectively by Tamara Geva and Raymond Massey. Also in the cast are Edward Arnold and Laura Hope Crews

ON RIGHT: LAURA HOPE CREWS (MADAME ZULEIKA),  
CLARKE GABLE AND NORMA SHEARER IN ANOTHER  
SCENE FROM "IDIOT'S DELIGHT"





#### THE 20th LANCERS WIN THE 15th HUSSARS POLO CUP IN LUCKNOW

This Challenge Cup was given by the 15th Hussars to be a permanent relic of the many wins that fine polo regiment had when at the peak of its fame in India, and of the happy days it spent when quartered in Lucknow. The 20th Lancers "X" team this year beat "Dilkhusha" 4 to 3 in the final. Names (l. to r.): Lieut.-Colonel D. H. Currie (C.O.), Captain T. L. Hughes, Lieut. A. Blair and Captain Mahomed Yusuf Khan

**A** NEW and very free translation of the old saw, "Solvitur Ambulando," it is suggested might be "They melt the moment I walk in!" There is one consolation about this new edition of *A Tramp Abroad*, and it is that even the most robust and inveterate foot-slogger must sooner or later wear out his boots.

**T**hat for which most people appear to be waiting with breathless interest is the moment when The Marcher strolls into the Trentino and that nice seaside resort, Trieste. They both used to belong to Austria, and it seems as if it might occur to The Marcher that there is no particular reason why they should not once again be joined to the place from which they were torn. What the present

## Pictures in the Fire

proprietor will have to say about it no one knows at the moment. Trieste is quite close to Venice: it has a perfectly charming fruit market, a beautiful central square, a plage, an opera house, and only a short launch-voyage away that attractive island, Miramare, once inhabited by an Austrian Grand Duchess. In fact, the attractions of this fair Adriatic region are so preponderant that the wonder is they have not long ago struck the fancy of our modern Gulliver.

**W**ithout wishing in any way to strike a discordant note in the midst of all this merry springtime promenade, it may perhaps be permissible to recall that there was once a hunt-servant who was over-fond of flicking and flopping at the particular pack he was hired to "turn," that is to say, whip-in, so that they acquired a very fierce and hearty hatred of him. Hounds, and also other things, will do this if they are bullied and rated and never given any thanks for doing the right thing. Well, to continue the story: one night this quite useless and inexpert whip came back to Kennels very much the wuss. Hounds were "singing" as they do when thoroughly happy before bedding down. It seemed to annoy this brute of a man,



Howard Barrett

#### WINNER AND RUNNER-UP, 15th/19th HUSSARS RACE

Captain E. G. Moon, who won it on Exchange, and Mr. J. S. Balmain, who was second in the Lightweight section. The contest was at Diddersley Hill in the Zetland country



#### THE ST. THOMAS'S TEAM IN THE HOSPITALS FINAL

St. Mary's got home, but only by the skin of their teeth and a successful place-kick, when they beat St. Thomas's, the other six-straight-of-the-reel side, in this fierce battle at Richmond this year. The actual score was 5 points to 3. It was a tough fight all the way over and the conquered were very far indeed from being disgraced

The names included in the above picture are: T. Fenwick, E. M. Buzzard, R. L. P. Lytle (captain), J. A. Chamberlain, J. L. Pinniger, R. G. Graham, J. P. Jackson, D. A. Tolhurst, L. R. S. Taylor, A. H. Rea, B. W. T. Ritchie, D. Nixon, A. E. Mallett, P. L. Lockton and J. L. Ballantyne



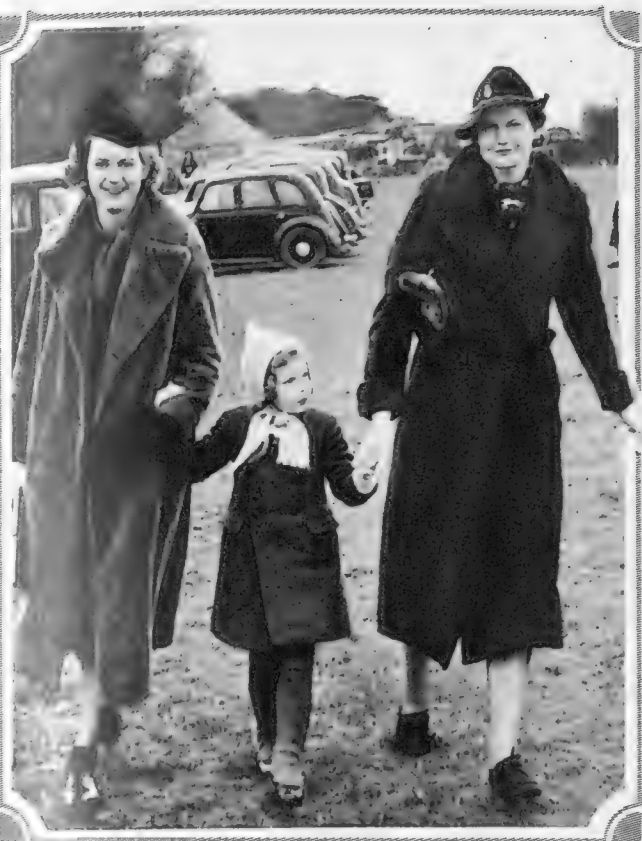
Abery

#### TWO HEAVY FISH TAKEN OUT OF THE WYE

The heavier of these two fine salmon was 43 lb., and the other 37 lb., and they were caught within an hour of each other by Mr. Higgins—who is naturally looking pleased with himself—on the Tyrcelyn Waters at Aberedw, Builth Wells, on the Wye. This particular beat of the river is owned by Mr. Home Kidston, who used to be in the Navy



By "SABRETACHE"



Truman Howell

AT THE SOUTH HEREFORDSHIRE  
POINT-TO-POINT

Miss Leyland, Rose Cotterell and her mother, Lady Lettice Cotterell, the former Lady Lettice Lygon, in full sail to the arena of conflict, which was not far from Garnons, Sir Richard Cotterell's Herefordshire seat



MAJOR NOEL SAMPSON AND SOME  
BAHAMA FISH

The angler used to be a Queen's Bay and it took him only one-and-a-half hours to pull this lot out of the ocean off the Grand Bahama Reef. The catch includes Rock Grouper, a 60-pounder and the largest fish in the picture, Barracouta and Brown Jack

for in he went to the lodging-houses meaning to set about them with his stick. He never came out. They pulled him down, broke him up and ate him. Only his boots and a few fragments of his clothes were found the following morning. This is a categorically true story. The moral of it may be left to anyone who thinks that it may concern him. No one, however, gets anything but the worst out of anything that he is for ever bullying and quipping.

The shrewdness of the blow which the passing of "The Shop" is to all officers who have been entitled to wear the proud badge of "The Battle of Ubeek," will be in some measure softened by the announcement that the change over to Sandhurst cannot take place for a year at least. But many things may happen in a year in the quick-moving and somewhat perilous times in which we live. It would not surprise some people



THE P.A.V.O. WIN THE INDIAN INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO  
TOURNAMENT

The letters stand for Prince Albert Victor's Own and the above team beat the 17th/21st Lancers, runners-up also last year, by 3 goals to 2. The names (l. to r.) read: Captain K. W. Bols (A.D.C. to the C-in-C.), Lieut.-Colonel G. Carr-White, Major P. B. Sanger and Captain R. G. Hanmer

if, instead of scrapping the R.M.A., Woolwich, and sending all the cadets to double up with the people at Sandhurst (R.M.C.), the authorities found that they had to enlarge the former and build a second "Shop." However, we live in an age of iconoclasm and ancient monuments are not as much venerated as they should be. A place like "The Shop" has a value where *esprit de corps* is concerned that is incalculable. It was on April 30, 1741, that George II. signed the Royal Warrant of the Royal Military Academy and John, Duke of Montagu, the Master-General of Ordnance, was its first Governor who was something a bit higher, so I gather, than what we should call the Commandant to-day. Lt.-Colonel J. B. Pattison, R.A., was the first Lieutenant Governor

(Continued on page xvi)



INVINCIBLE ST. MARY'S WIN HOSPITAL CUP

The opposition, who were only very narrowly defeated 5 points to 3, after a thoroughly hearty scrap. This was St. Mary's sixth successive win, and St. Thomas's also achieved this record. St. Thomas's, who put up such a good and plucky fight, are looking at us from the preceding page

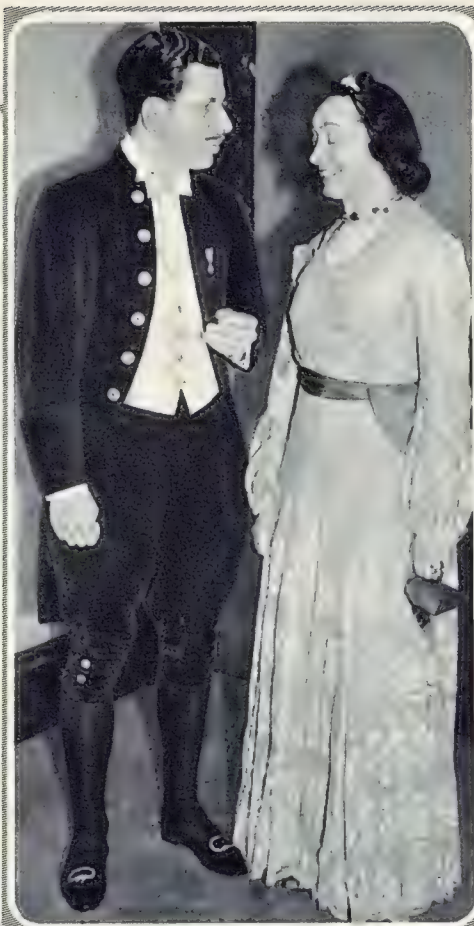
The names of the team included in the picture are: C. M. Squire, M. M. Walker, J. Graham Jones, F. N. McRae, R. T. Campbell, T. A. Kemp, H. D. Cockburn, G. J. Reynolds, I. S. Jacklin, D. V. Bourn-Jones, D. B. Johnson, J. G. McGavin, C. J. Hodson, A. Chilcott and A. W. Young



## LORD HAMBLEDEN'S

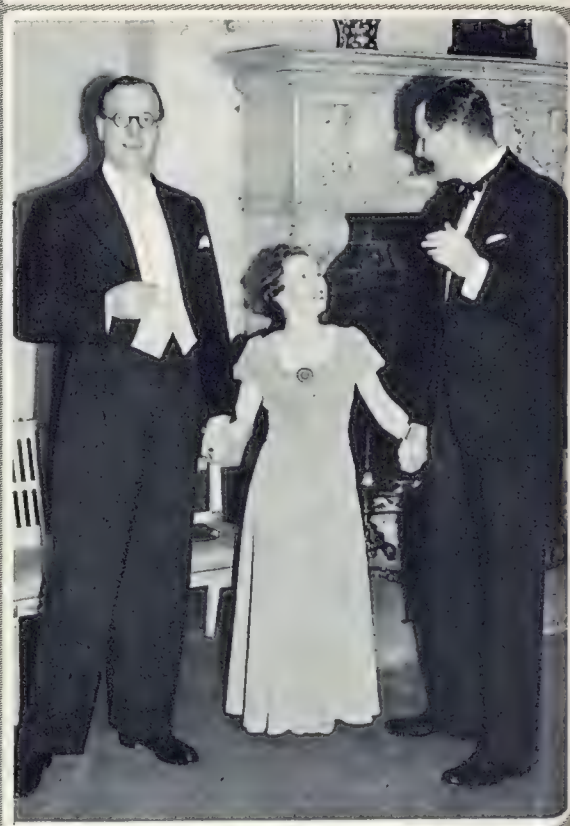


PAMELA MAY AND URSULA MORETON OF  
THE VIC-WELLS, AND MR. G. STEVENS



TWO KEEN BALLET SUPPORTERS:  
LORD HAMBLEDEN AND LADY  
BONHAM-CARTER

## VIC-WELLS BALLET-PARTY



JOHN WRIGHT WITH THE DIMINUTIVE  
OLIVE DYER AND TYRONE GUTHRIE



MRS. TYRONE GUTHRIE AND ERNEST  
THESIGER HAVE A WORD TO SAY TO  
ONE ANOTHER

Lord Hambleden, who is President of the Sadler's Wells Society, recently gave a most successful party to the members of the *Corps de Ballet* at his house in Belgrave Square. That never-to-be-forgotten Vic-Wells performance of the first and third acts of Tchaikovsky's *The Sleeping Princess* at Covent Garden, before the King and Queen and the French President and Mme. Lebrun, is of recent memory



CLAUDE NEWMAN AND MARY HONER,  
DANCERS OF THE VIC-WELLS BALLET



MR. OWEN MASE WITH JEANNE DUSSEAU, WHO  
SANG AT THE PARTY, AND WARWICK BRAITHWAITE

In this little gallery of some of the people at Lord Hambleden's are included Pamela May and Ursula Moreton. Ursula Moreton is in private life Mrs. Stevens, and for her husband see the same group. Olive Dyer is the world's smallest leading operatic soprano, and the two giants by comparison, are John Wright, on the left, one of the principal tenors, and Tyrone Guthrie, director of drama at the Old Vic. Mrs. Tyrone Guthrie is seen with Ernest Thesiger, who is playing in *Geneva* at the St. James's. Mr. Owen Mase is administrative director of opera at Sadler's Wells



## THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE



*Spring 1939*

Into the depths of the wardrobe go your winter dresses . . . your face, too, must discard that wintry look! Even the loveliest face is apt to emerge dull from the long winter months. So Cleanse—Tone—Nourish with Miss Arden's Essential Preparations—*Cleansing Cream, Skin Tonic, Velva Cream* or *Orange Skin Food*. Bring beauty and vitality back to your cheeks with her incomparable *Velva Cream Masque*. Now the foundations of Spring-time loveliness are laid and you are ready for the great adventure of an Elizabeth Arden make-up.



*Elizabeth Arden*

Elizabeth Arden, Ltd

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1





LOVELY "LYA" OF REVUEDEVILLE AT THE WINDMILL THEATRE

"Lya," whose full name is Lya de Valez, is the show-girl in the 118th edition of Revueville at that home of light and coruscating entertainment, the Windmill Theatre, now in the eighth year of its joyous career, and as good, if not better, than ever

FOUR deck-hands of a little coasting tramp spent all their spare time playing poker. They were all extremely tough types and were used to playing for high stakes.

One evening they were in the middle of a game when one of them whipped out a knife and pinned the hand of one of his opponents to the table.

"Boys," he said, "if Joe ain't got six cards in his hand, I'll apologise!"

Little Billy was very good at school and did most of his lessons with good grace, but he did draw the line at being asked to sew. He considered that beneath the dignity of a man of ten years.

"But, Billy," remonstrated the teacher, "George Washington used to sew. He took it for granted that every soldier ought to be able to sew. Do you consider yourself a better man than George Washington?"

"I don't know yet," replied Billy, airily. "Time will tell."

The diner at a restaurant consumed an enormous meal. Then he called the manager.

"Ten years ago," he said, "I came in here, but you kicked me out because I couldn't pay my bill."

"I'm very sorry," said the manager. "I do hope I am forgiven now."

"Don't worry," replied the diner. "I'm afraid you'll have to do it again."

The bus stopped at the corner of Parliament Square. The conductor, glancing for a second at his passengers, shouted out:

"Ministry of 'Ealth, 'Ouses of Parliament, and, if yer conscience troubles yer, Scotland Yard!"

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A furniture store was displaying a new type of mattress, which was featured on a bed in the front window. To make the thing look more realistic the store advertised for a man to simulate sleep on the mattress in front of the public.

The first applicant was a lazy-looking man. He yawned as the manager recited his duties.

"What we are looking for," said the manager, "is a man to demonstrate the restful qualities of our new mattress. All you have to do is to lie in bed on that mattress in the show window and pretend to sleep peacefully. Is that quite clear?"

The applicant nodded.

"Very well, then," continued the manager. "You sleep on that bed from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m."

The applicant looked obstinate.

"Those are long hours," he grumbled. "How about a rest period in between?"

The young man coughed nervously. "I expect, sir," he faltered, "your daughter has told you that I regard her as a rare flower—a priceless jewel..."

The girl's father smiled a little grimly.

"No, she simply said she'd clicked!" he replied.

A heavy drinker consulted his doctor, complaining that he kept seeing mice in bowler hats. He was advised to keep off strong drink, and went sorrowfully away.

Some weeks later he met the doctor, who asked how he had been keeping.

"Oh," replied the patient, cheerfully, "I feel much better these days, doctor. I decided to increase my dose to two bottles of whisky a day, and now I'm not troubled with mice at all. The elephants usually trample them to death by lunch-time."

"It is an awkward thing to mention," said the patient, "but my wife thinks the fee you charged for my operation was far too high."

"But, my dear sir," said the surgeon, "surely you do not set the same low value on your life as your wife does?"



Harlip

GRETA GYNT—OUR BEAUTIFUL NORWEGIAN VISITOR

To have had success in four West End productions since she first arrived in our midst two years ago is meteoric progress. Greta Gynt recently finished playing opposite Sebastian Shaw in Warner Brothers' *Too Dangerous to Live*. Her attractive personality is well backed by first-class ability





With a song in your heart greet spring in a tailored light-weight suit.  
Black and White pin check flared skirt, and a frog braided black jacket  
in the new short length. Pale Blue scarf. From the Suit Salon for 14½ Gns.



# TRAFFIC LIGHTS

By JAMES E. TURNER

"IS that Penross?" The button clicked.  
 "Yes."  
 "Do you recognise my voice?"  
 "Yes."

"Go to the junction of Southwark Street and Blackfriars Road. You will see an old woman wearing a red rose. You will know what to do. To-night at five o'clock. That is all."

Penross replaced the receiver. The door of the telephone-booth shut smartly against the jamb as he pulled his hat over his eyes and walked away.

Red, orange, green: Green, orange, red. The old woman came shuffling along Southwark Street, mumbling to herself, a stray wisp of grey hair getting into her mouth. She spat it out, wiped her nose with the back of her hand, and shuffled on. They called her the "witch" since she had come to live in Nelson Square. Children ran after her, jeering at her, making faces at her and pulling at her rags. She thrust out a hand but they were too quick for her. "Drat ye! God, drat ye!" she mumbled fiercely. "Can't ye leave a body alone?"

The policeman under the railway arch looked askance at her, half a mind to tell her to get a move on. He let her go, and she came on, dragging her feet, her back bent, her arms akimbo and a look of fierce discontent on her face.

She stopped at the lights, peering about her. She made a quick movement with her right hand which might have been a signal, and when the robot flicked to green on her side of the street she crossed and stood under the clock facing the bridge. She had not stood there many minutes when a young man in a brown suit came up to her and spoke.

"Can you tell me the time, mother?" he asked.

"Sure, son," she grinned up at him. "It's just on five. Can yer spare a copper for a cup of tea? Never a drop 'ave I 'ad all day, and that's the truth."

Penross felt in his pocket and drew out two coins, placing them in her hands and going on with a smile.

"God bless you, sir," the old woman said, bowing in an old-fashioned manner, grinning and closing her hands closely over the coins. "God bless you, and good luck to 'ee." She turned and began to retrace her steps. The lights flicked green again, a tram lumbered over the crossing, shaking and rattling its carload of people under the bridge. She noticed the policeman had moved away, and with quick steps she hurried across the road and into a shabby eating-house. She removed a tightly-folded wad of paper from between the coins and ordered a cup of tea.

Carl Penross dressed for dinner. Why the hell shouldn't he do himself well if he liked? He had plenty of fun these days with all the dough he was making. Better be careful what he did and where he went, though, or somebody would start getting suspicious. After all, he only made a fiver a week in the armaments' factory, and you couldn't do all he'd been doing on that meagre sum. It had been a god-send meeting Wilson. Wilson had been a good chum to him, telling him he could make quite a pretty sum if he cared to, and as easy as winking. No risk at all. Wasn't he the best draughtsman up there in the office? Sure he was. Well, he wasn't going to let an opportunity like this slip through his fingers. No, sir! You couldn't earn a hundred quid every day of the 365, and there were plenty of folk doing things just as crooked all over London. So what the hell did it matter, anyway? He'd covered his tracks all too successfully for him to be caught. He wasn't so greatly in love with England when all was said and done. There was a knock at his bedroom door. "Come in," he said, surprised to find that he was trembling.

"Oh, Mr. Penross, you're wanted on the 'phone."

Whew! He must get better control of himself. He ran down the stairs of the apartment house and lifted the receiver.

"Is that Penross?"

"Yes."

"Do you recognise my voice?"

"Yes."

"Come to 800, Oxbridge Terrace, W.1, at once. I've a job for you."

"But——" he whined. The line was dead, and he slammed

down the receiver in a sudden rage. What job? What the hell did the voice mean—Wilson's voice? Hadn't he done his bit and earned his money? Now they wanted to drag him into something else, and spoil his evening with Anne. Well, they would see they couldn't trifle with Carl Penross.

A young girl dressed in tweeds got off a No. 15 bus in the Edgware Road and walked quickly down the pavement of Oxbridge Terrace. The summer light had not faded in the sky, although the street lamps were already lit. She noticed the spire of the church at the end of the long road, and thought that in this dusk-light it was beautiful. Her face was serious and her eyes were troubled. She walked with head slightly lowered as if she did not wish to be seen.

At the door of No. 800 she stopped, opened her handbag, and slipped a key into the Yale lock. Inside the house she went to a panel on which were a number of bell-pushes and pressed the one above the name Wilson

(Continued on page 38)



THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

In this instance they have everything to do with the case, and the attractive spot which the photographer picked for the picture was Cockington Court, near Torquay, whose gardens are a blaze of daffodils





*"Foot Lights" by Bear Brand*

Light on the stocking question can quite easily be shed by a few deft words delivered here.

We merely wish to mention that a small sum (varying between 3/11 and 6/11) entitles you to the faithful service and utter loveliness of "Bear Brand" sheer ringless stockings. This price, incidentally, also applies to Bear Brand "Symetra"—the stockings with the seams which *always* stay straight.

If you have, in the past, pondered on the problem of blending opulence with economy, you will see that here is the simple solution.

**Bear Brand**  
CREPE LUXURY STOCKINGS

3/11

4/11

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## TRAFFIC LIGHTS—(Continued from page 36)

three times. Her heart was beating with apprehension as she mounted the stairs. Would everything be all right? Oh, God! Would they come in time and would Mr. Wilson be pleased with her for what she was bringing him? She



Harlip

## MISS VIVIAN DAUTESEY

A recent portrait of the younger daughter of the late Lt.-Colonel W. B. H. Harkness Dautesey and Mrs. Dautesey, of Lovells Court, Marnhull, Dorset. Colonel Dautesey was a son of the Rev. Robert Harkness, Rector of St. Giles, Wimborne, and assumed the name and arms of Dautesey on his marriage in 1912

drew out the key of the door and examined it carefully. It was quite clean. She heaved a sigh of relief. They couldn't catch her on that score, anyway.

On the third floor a man stood at the open door of one of the rooms.

"Good evening, my dear," he said, taking her hand and leading her across the passage. "I am so glad you were able to come, after all. The dinner would have been spoilt if you had decided to stay away." He ushered her in and his smile changed to a look of fierce cruelty.

"Have you got it?" he asked; and when she handed him a piece of blue paper wrapped up very small, he snatched it from her fingers and stepped to the light.

"Good, good! You've done fine. It's the gun all right, or rather, the part we need. Now the whole

thing is complete. Come, hurry." He turned to her. "I want twenty prints of it as soon as you can photograph them. Hurry, hurry!"

The girl removed her hat and coat and went into the adjoining room, taking the blue-print with her. She was quite familiar with the rooms. Wilson followed her.

"Everything's ready," he said, towering over her so that she had no choice but to do as he bid. "You must hurry. Penross will be here in twenty minutes to take them away. They must be out of the country to-night."

"Penross?" she asked. "I thought you said I was to take them? My passport is ready."

"Don't ask questions. Get on with the work. There is no time to be lost. I've had to alter the plans, that's all."

She began to focus the large table-camera, and when it was as she desired she went to the door and switched off the light.

The five men in a car on the opposite side of the road saw Penross come to the door of No. 800; watched him wait, nervously biting his fingers, and then a moment later saw the door open and admit him.

"How about it, Bill?" the man at the wheel spoke in a quick, excited tone of voice.

"Not yet, Jim. She's not switched the light off yet. I studied the lay-out of the rooms when Wilson was out yesterday. We'll catch 'em red-handed if we wait. The camera is fixed up where you see that red light in the window. Complicated bit of work it is, too. She must be a clever girl to work it, she must. It'll be the last time she does, I'm thinking—the last time for many a long day. Look! The light's gone out and the work has started. Come on!"

The five men slid from the car and across to the house, the tallest of them opening the door with a bright new key. Silently they shut it after them.

"All right, young lady, you can stand away from that camera, and no monkey-tricks, remember." The police officer was smiling.

"O.K., Bill. Did you get 'em? Evidence is all here."

"Fine! We got 'em as planned. Come along in."

He led the way into the sitting-room, where Wilson and Penross were struggling with the four other police officers.

"Good work, Miss Hardy," Bill said. "You'll get a lot of credit for this. Do we take the youngster along, by the way?"

"Most emphatically you do. Stealing official plans is a good enough charge, I should imagine," the girl answered.

Penross was white and beads of sweat were standing on his forehead.

"You've got nothing on me!" he shouted.

"I've stoleh no plans and I never saw the girl in my life! I've busi-ness with Mr. Wilson, that's all! Let me go!" He struggled to be free, and then suddenly he went stiff and straight with fear, his eyes staring out of his head.

"Sure, son," said the voice, and he looked and saw the old woman before him, grinning at him, her back bent and an evil leer on her lips. Only she was dressed in the clothes of the girl he knew as Miss Hardy.

"It's just on five," the voice continued. "Can yer spare a copper for a cup of tea? Never 'ad a drop all day, never 'ad a drop all day, never 'ad a drop all day . . ."

Penross went slack in the arms of the police officer and Bill turned to the girl.

"You'd make a great hit in non-stop," he said.



Swæbe

LADY ALLENDALE AND HER SON  
AT THE ROYAL MATINÉE AT THE COLISEUM

The Royal Matinée at the Coliseum, which was attended by Their Majesties and the Princess Elizabeth, was in aid of the King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses. Lady Allendale and her third son, the Hon. Nicholas Beaumont, were among the big audience which so much enjoyed a right good show



# GO GREYHOUND RACING AT WHITE CITY

THE TATLER  
No. 1971, APRIL 5, 1939



EXERCISE is the basis of a greyhound's training. But to the champions shown here at the G.R.A. kennels in the midst of rich, green parkland at The Hook, Northaw, Herts., exercise is real fun and pleasure. Long carefree hours of happy companionship in the summer sunshine give the champion greyhound his sleek coat, his grace in action, his stamina and his bursts of speed.



## LAWN TENNIS : : By GODFREY WINN

IT is raining as I sit down to write, so what could be a more suitable moment for commencing another series of these tennis articles, since it is not without reason that the weather looms so largely in all our vocabularies as a source of polite conversation. But I imagine that the players, especially those who are already nervous about maintaining their position in last year's ranking list, were not feeling so polite about the weeping heavens when they turned up at Herga for the first outside tournament of the year on home courts. As for myself, tears are pouring down my cheeks, less in sympathy, I must confess, as from a frightful cold that I contracted practising out of doors over the week-end and struggling on in a snowstorm. If March came in like a lamb she has certainly gone out like a lion. And I imagine that all the ladies who have spent the winter designing themselves new styles in shorts with which to beguile the camera-man's eye, are at this present moment suffering from cold knees.

However, do not let us be too pessimistic so early in the season. Let us dwell rather on a retrospective *résumé* of what the stars have been doing since we took leave of them, on this page, six months ago. Well, Ronald Shayes, as well as representing his country in South Africa, has become a father, and Bunny Austin has gone to America to lecture on "Moral Rearmament from the Sportsman's Point of View"—an admirable thesis, but why, in his original letter to Auntie *Times*, did he refer to himself as a *humble* tennis player? Certainly "Bunny" himself is modest to a degree, but tennis players, as a class . . . well, this is my first article . . . let me get on with the story. What else has happened? Oh, yes, Billie Yorke has teamed up with Helen Jacobs for Wimbledon. I can't help thinking that's a pity, in a way. Not that they may not very easily win the championship, if they can both produce their best form at the same time, but that won't bring us any nearer regaining the Wightman Cup at Forest Hills in August. What a pity the L.T.A. lacked the intelligence and the imagination to team up Miss Yorke with one of the pick of her countrywomen, for she told me herself the other day that she would have infinitely preferred to play with an English girl at Wimbledon, if only a suitable partner had presented herself. Well, it's not too late for her to change her plans. I see that she has teamed up with a mother at Herga, who is making a very welcome return to the courts, and everyone will hope that Dorothy Round, that was, will not "belittle" her past successes by her present play.

Forgive the atrocious pun, but it has stopped raining, and I feel a little more cheerful, especially as another gleam of sunshine has come into my memory, when I recall that Mrs. Little made a charming gesture the other day in playing a friendly single against the girl who has been dubbed already the coming champion. Her name is Jean Nicoll, and, personally, I am strongly prepared to be a fan of hers. I like everything about her, I like her play, I like her character, and I like her typical English looks. We were fellow guests at one of Christina Foyle's mammoth lunches, which was sponsored by that brilliant showman Jack Hylton, and was called "Youth Takes a Bow." When it came to Miss Nicoll's turn to stand up in front of the mike she made a simple little speech about her aspirations that clearly came from her heart. This year, for the first time, she will be allowed to play at Wimbledon. Good luck to her, and I prophesy that she will have good luck if she holds on with all her might to her present philosophy, summed up in a single sentence of hers: "I hope I do well this season, because I enjoy the game so much." I reckon the operative word there is *enjoy*. What a pity most of the other stars make such a *business* of every match. No wonder they get so far—and then stick. . . .

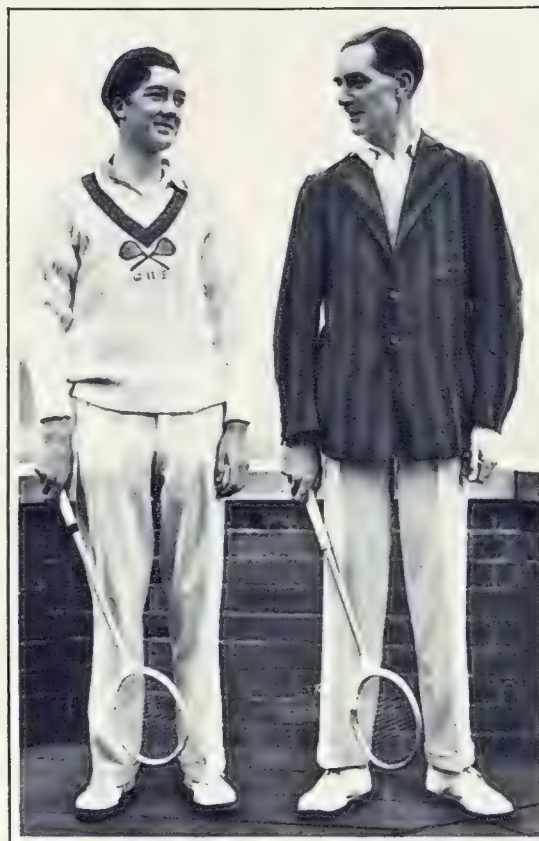
But don't let us get side-tracked. Let us continue the story, before it starts to rain again and we become even more envious of the teams that cheated the winter by sailing off to South Africa and Jamaica. I



Barsano

MISS KAY STAMMERS,  
OUR NUMBER SIX

A new portrait of the famous British player who has been seen lately on the Melbury Club courts getting her eye in for, we hope, future triumphs at Wimbledon. Miss Kay Stammers was playing at the Herga Club tournament last week, but at the time this picture went to press Miss Kay Stammers had not been in action. The opening was delayed by rain



Stuart

## LORD ABERDARE AND THE HON. MORYS BRUCE

The first father and son ever to enter for the Amateur Rackets Doubles Championship. They did very well to reach the final, where they were only defeated by Crawley and Pawle by four games to three. Lord Aberdare is a past Singles Champion, and his son seems to be following in his footsteps. He got his Blue for Oxford as a freshman this term

can't quite make out why the two best ladies that went forth landed in Kingston, rather than Jo'burg; but perhaps they thought that a long tour of South Africa would be a tedious business, compared with the pleasures of bathing on the famous beach, Doctor's Cave, at Montego Bay. Or, perhaps, they had heard from those who had gone to South Africa on previous trips that a severe strain is set upon the nerves, so that you feel, before the return journey is over, that you never want to see any of your team mates again, which, to say the least of it, must be a little upsetting at the commencement of the home season.

On the other hand, I am sure the South Africans would have been enchanted to welcome Miss Scriven and Miss Hardwick, and their fame would certainly have made South Africa produce her very best team, whereas, after the first test match, Mrs. Heine Millar, who proved that she was as good as ever at Wimbledon last year, by her performance against Mrs. Moody, was completely dropped. It must have been a souring moment for the South African L.T.A. when we proceeded to mop up the second test by the handsome score of seven matches to one. But it wasn't only in the South African pavilion that strange stories were percolating about stranger schisms—for surely Mrs. Millar is the greatest tennis ambassadress her country has ever possessed—but the news broke, as they say in newspaper circles, that within the English camp all was not

(Continued on page ii)





Photograph by Norman Parkinson

IN MATITA's soft oatmeal linen, banded with gaily coloured gipsy stripes and belted with a kid shoe string, this is undoubtedly Miss Diana Churchill. But where—is another matter. Without troubling you to "send us a postcard" you might like to guess.

**MATITA**

LONDON.....PARIS.....NEW YORK

— from exclusive shops throughout the World

This beautiful model can be seen at your nearest Exclusive Shop, and MATITA would like you to feel that it was quite simple to discover its name. Just a line to MATITA, London, W.1, or a 'phone call to MUSEUM 0725 Ex., is sufficient to put you in touch with the Spring and Summer vogue.







Harlip

MRS. RICHARD FAIREY

A recent portrait of the former Miss Aino Bergo, the beautiful Swedish opera singer and film actress, who was married to Mr. C. R. Fairey's eldest son last October. Mr. C. R. Fairey, as the world of aviation hardly needs telling, is the famous chairman of the Fairey Aviation Co. He is also a figure in the yachting world and Commodore of the Royal Thames

### Blowing Up.

**B**LOWING up as an accessory to going up is now approved by aircraft constructors. Air passengers of the not very distant future will take their own private piece of atmosphere—complete with warmth and humidity—about with them. The pressure cabin is coming; Mr. C. R. Fairey has said it, and there is no man on whose judgment as to future aeronautical developments I would rather rely. Those who fly will step into a room in which, no matter whether the aeroplane goes up or down, temperature, pressure and humidity will remain constant; they will be preserved, embalmed, corked up in a fast-moving bottle and will peer, like goldfish, upon the outside world. Nothing revolts me more than to see the pictures of the way they treat babies in some advanced American clinics. On birth they are separated from their mothers by a glass partition, and their only contacts with human hands and lips are through surgical rubber gloves and aseptic masks. If those babies could speak I believe they would ten thousand times rather risk infections and have the psychological solace of direct human contact, than be treated like specimens in glass jars. But with the air passenger it is different. He is better when treated as a specimen in a glass jar.

In the Fairey F.C.1, which is the sub-stratosphere machine now being built to Air Ministry order, the "glass jar," which is really the aircraft cabin, maintains stable

## AIR EDDIES

By  
OLIVER STEWART

conditions whether the machine is flying at 100 metres or 5000 metres. At ground-level atmospheric pressure is about 1 kilogramme per square centimetre. At 4600 metres it is only a little more than half that. To maintain the pressure, pressure-pumps are used and the cabin is closed with airtight hatches. People seem to be worried about the "dangers" of a pressure cabin. They seem to think that they are dealing in pressures comparable with those in a steam boiler. Actually the pressure difference at maximum height would only be about a quarter that in many motor-car tyres.

### Advantages.

**A**lthough the pressure difference is not enormous, a lot of thought and ingenuity must be used in order to ensure the correct working of the apparatus. The Fairey people have got this work well in hand and are building a full-size cabin for preliminary experimental work. The advantages, when the pressure cabin is fully established, are many and notable. In the rarefied air at heights, the amount of power needed to push an aeroplane along is reduced; whereas the amount of power needed to support it remains the same as when near the ground. Provided, then, the engines can be supercharged, like the passengers, and made to behave normally, there is a gain in speed. But in addition, there is a gain in the freedom of using height.

Air passengers in open cabins are rather sensitive to rapid height-changes and they cannot be climbed or dived steeply without discomfort. In the pressure cabin they will not be affected at all by height-changes, however sudden. Fuel is saved when operating at a height; the air is ordinarily free from bumps and it is thought—though this point is not yet clear—that extended choice of height will enable better use to be made of favouring winds for long journeys.

### Fiddling.

**O**ne must sympathise with the Gorell Committee on the control of flying. It was formed—without good reason many people thought—to take cognisance of the amenities and safety of flying, and it has recently reported. Actually it came into being partly as a result of complaints about the noise and risk of low-flying aeroplanes made chiefly by people living in the vicinity of aerodromes. And had the political situation cleared up, some attention might have been paid to its recommendations. There are always people anxious to increase restrictions, and there is no cry that meets with a readier response than: "It ought to be stopped." But with the national need for more and more

pilots and for more and more experience for existing pilots, it would be criminal to fiddle about with the complaints of old men who get cross when an aero-engine disturbs their after-luncheon rest.

We have, at the present moment, no time for these quibblers and complainers. Everybody must learn to put up with inconveniences in order not to hamper the preparations for national defence. I suppose the recommendation that advertisement banner-flying should be checked will be heeded; but I cannot feel much enthusiasm even for this restriction. Banner-flying is not a serious blow to amenities. There are millions of other more serious ones being struck every day by builders and local authorities. I do not know why the aeroplane pilot should be the first to suffer restriction. But show a Government department a restriction, and you tempt it to make new regulations in a way that no Government department has yet known how to resist. I can only make my single-handed protest against restricting banner-flying. I may not like looking at banners

(Continued on page 46)



MR. AND MRS. JAMES MOLLISON

A recent picture of the famous Atlantic, Australia and Cape flier and his wife, who, before her marriage to James Mollison, was Mrs. Phyllis Varley Hussey. Mrs. Mollison is the owner of large banana plantations in Jamaica, and she and her husband were amongst the many sun-chasing holiday-makers at Miami in February, but later, as this picture indicates, came to London town



# This England . . .

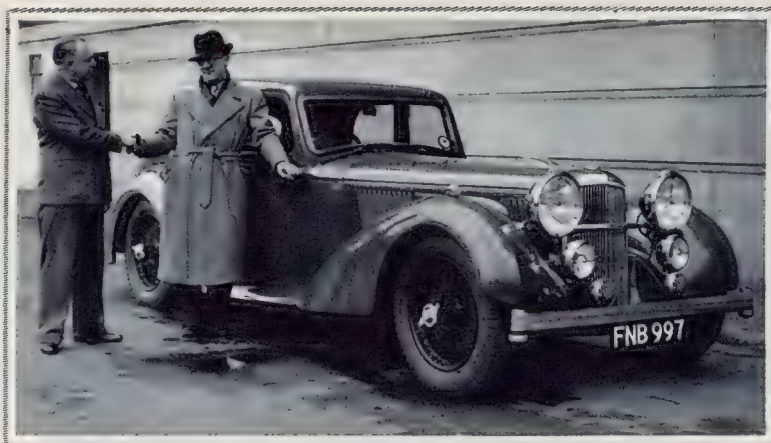


*Nr. Clifford, Herefordshire*

**G**OOD news it is that our English farmhouse cheese is come again to favour. For here is an ancient craft, compound of wisdom and experience in generations of mothers and daughters for the sustenance of their men. For must you not know the evening from the morning milk, the state of the pastures, the very nature of your cows, if you are to make good cheese? Our new-found "nutritional experts" do praise cheese, but we of this grey-skied isle have long known it for a storage of sunlight—like our beer. When you are hungered in a humble place do you not know by instinct that a piece of farmhouse cheese and a measure of Worthington will set you up—nay, taken as a habit, may yet impart that rollicking health your fathers knew on this same wholesome fare.







A FAMOUS BAND-LEADER AND HIS NEW ALVIS

Billy Cotton, renowned band-leader, and racing motorist in his spare moments, takes delivery of his new Alvis "Speed 25" from Mr. Stanley Parker (left), managing director of Parkers, Ltd., Alvis distributors, Manchester

**E**ASTER again. And with it, for many of us, a scamper West and a respite from crises, stock markets and scares. But other motorists will have made the same plans. So if you want to avoid the Easter crush do one of two things. Either travel by night or choose a longer, but less popular, route. The motoring associations will advise you on the matter. For instance, if you propose returning from the Bournemouth district on Easter Monday you'll probably do the journey to London faster by semi-circling to the north-east than in attempting to join the queue on the direct road. Another tip is to travel during the lunch interval and take advantage of the traffic lull. If attending race meetings, or other functions where cars foregather, park near the exit and leave early. If you're likely to be bogged on wet grass a strip of tarpaulin or rug under the wheels will help you to get going. Otherwise deflate the tyres. And one last word: if you have to stop, please get off the road.

#### More Cars than Road.

**E**very day at this time of year five hundred new cars creep cautiously from the dispatch bays of great factories at Cowley, Coventry, Dagenham, Longbridge, Luton and elsewhere. Paper streamers proclaim their origin, destination or merits. Their drivers are specially-selected men who spend half their time at the wheel and the rest in a third-class smoker. What a life! These five hundred new cars are space-eating at an appalling rate. The area they need is equivalent to a strip of road over a mile long and at least two yards wide. And that's only one day's meal. So that even if we deduct the number of old cars going out of commission, it is obvious that the road jam will become steadily worse, for the simple reason that the number of cars is increasing at a greater rate than the road space to accommodate them.

#### Fallacious Road Plan.

**N**or does there seem much prospect of an improvement in the near future. If you study present road "improvements" up and down the country you find that, in many cases, authorities are taking the easier course of re-kerbing and adding a foot or two to the width of the road. This policy is fundamentally unsound. First, because until a



Howard Barrett

#### SAMPLING THE POST-STIRRUP CUP

Captain H. A. Jaffray, M.F.H. (right), drinking the health of the winner, Captain E. G. Moon, at the recent 15th/19th Hussars Point-to-Point, run over a bit of the Zetland country

# PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

road is widened sufficiently to accommodate an extra line of traffic its utility is not appreciably increased; and second, because the costly new kerbing, with its countersunk reflectors, draining arrangements, and super-elevation, when once installed, tends to fix the road limits at the aforementioned uneconomical width.

The whole plan seems radically unsound. Any of us who are interested in the subject can recall scores of cases where this piecemeal, patch-up policy is glaringly in evidence. On a trunk road I know well, several "S" bends have been expensively super-elevated, instead of being eliminated by a direct and safer short cut. Nor is there, as yet, much sign of standardisation in surface, style, or signalling arrangements. One of the things that passes motorists' understanding is the principle that governs the choice of a "halt" or "slow" major road ahead sign. Every day we stop punctiliously at "halt" signs where we can see perfectly well that the cross road is clear. And soon after we "slow" at crossings which are completely blind. In fact, up and down the country there are scores of "halts" which should be "slows" and "slows" which should be "halts."

But the most exasperating of all is a cross-road control in which all eight signals are normally set at red. One of these delays traffic at Northleach (Glos.). It functions at the crossing of the London-Cheltenham and Cirencester-Stow roads, and is controlled by contact strips. In practice it means that traffic approaching on any of the four roads is compelled to stop. In the same district, re-kerbing and the piecemeal widening already referred to are much in evidence. The other day, in a distance of just over a mile, I counted seven hand-operated traffic signals placed at intervals alongside road repairs. Each signal needed one operator and one brazier, one office, one newspaper and a woodbine. No wonder the money goes.

Nearer Oxford, on the old Eynsham-Oxford road, they are digging a trench. Here traffic is controlled for 200 yards by an automatic signal. The result of this is

(Continued on page 46)



Truman Howell

#### AT A RECENT POINT-TO-POINT

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Vane-Tempest and the Hon. Mrs. Bevan, Mrs. Vane-Tempest's mother, at the recent South Hereford Point-to-Point near Hereford. Mrs. Bevan is Lord Grantley's daughter by his first marriage, and Mr. Vane-Tempest is a kinsman of Lord Londonderry



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change, too*



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PIMM'S  
No. 1



The long drink  
with a click in it

Here's the bottle! 12/6—  
and it makes 7 pints.

## Air Eddies—(Continued from page 42)

being trailed about the sky; but I would much rather see them than have any further bureaucratic restrictions on flight.

R.A.F. of Age.

As this is the coming of age year for the Royal Air Force, particular interest should attach to Empire Air Day. I gather that this year about ninety stations will be open to the public, compared with about sixty last year. Last year 116,000 programmes were sold, and this year I believe something very special is in preparation. The attendance which is being expected if the weather is fine is three-quarters of a million. Certainly the Day will be a good chance of publicizing the air service.

## Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page 44)

that although the road and its approaches may be clear for long periods, one has to await the will of the automaton. Really it seems as if officialdom is more concerned to hinder us than to help.

Hang-over.

While America has created a new vogue in the frontal aspect of its cars, there are signs that shapes are also changing in this country. A year or two ago we noted modest grilles designed to conceal the cruder forms of radiator. But today things have jumped forward and the grille has been accentuated as a main motif in appearance. It may overhang the axle and be far ahead of the radiator, although the intervening space is not usefully employed, except in the case of cars in which headlamps are placed behind the grille. Beauty, of course, is in the eye of the beholder, and from what I hear, the public approves these overhanging fronts. They are said to add dignity to the car and enhance the importance of its look. I take a more utilitarian view. If this frontal hangover provides more passenger room it serves a useful purpose. There's a reason and a good one for adopting it. But if it serves no useful purpose then the sooner one is found for it the better. For today every inch in a car, every yard on a road, is of value.

Humber "Imperial" Test.

For some days I've been driving a Humber "Imperial," a beautifully finished and appointed car of 27 h.p., priced from £515—£580, according to the type of body used. It's a largish car, approximately sixteen feet long and six feet wide. An engine developing 100 horse power hauls its load of 37½ cwt. with amazing alacrity, and at touring speeds can average over 16 m.p.g. Maxima speedometer readings on second, third and top were 40, 68 and 86 m.p.h., during which tests I noted that the higher the speed the smoother and pleasanter became the sensation. If you prize performance plus perfect manners, you'll enjoy this car. Its response, flexibility, ease of control and confidence reach tiptop standards. Its high performance is accompanied by limpet road grip and a supple suspension which will hug the bends till the tyres screech. Brakes adequately balance the speed potential and steering is accurate to an inch. Very high averages can be maintained without effort, in which express hill climbing plays an important part. For instance, the hills approaching Stow-on-the-Wold (Glos.) can be scaled at 50-55 m.p.h., and Birdlip, maximum 1 in 5, in the same county was all but climbed on top. The coachwork conveys an impression of opulence without ostentation.

Fastest on Earth.

George Eyston, world land-speed record holder, has just written a book called *Fastest on Earth* (7s. 6d., John Miles). It's a history of speed attempts since the 'early days. The photographs of the early scrapirons which took the world's record from 39 to 100 m.p.h., period '98-'04, are just as interesting in their way as the more recent ones of Segrave's, Campbell's and Eyston's monsters. The story is told with a human touch, and includes a lot of inside information on the trials of the record breaker.

Gone to Coventry.

Visited Coventry to see what was happening and found a one-balloon barrage flying in the park and two bomb holes in the streets. Otherwise things were normal, factories working hard on the Easter rush and executives optimistic. Newcomers are 1½ litre "twelves" by Riley and Triumph, price £310 and £285, both good lookers and essentially practical performers. Coventry is an amazing mixture of the middle ages and the modern. Narrow streets streaked by 1939 models, a few fine and ancient buildings, a big by-pass to the south nearing completion, and a population which thinks principally in millimetres and miles per gallon suggests its atmosphere. Industrially its history is romantic, for it has weathered the rise and fall of many different industries, among which ribbon and watch-making took a leading place. Today the city, immensely expanded, harbours the great factories of Morris engines, Standard, Daimler, Lanchester, Armstrong-Siddeley, Humber, Hillman, Rover, Singer, Triumph and Riley, beside works where artificial silk, telephones, bicycles and aircraft are made on a gigantic scale.



# DUNLOP Fort...



EVERY ONE OF ITS TEETH A SENTINEL ON GUARD FOR YOUR SAFETY



## Lawn Tennis — (Continued from page 40)

as cosy as George Lansbury's family circle. Undercurrents of unrest came abruptly to the surface when Rosemary Thomas's mother rang up a certain tennis reporter and begged him to publish in his paper, "the Truth."

What was the truth? Well, as far as I can make out, Miss Thomas was very upset that she wasn't played in either of the first two test matches, and one can naturally understand her disappointment, when the lady chaperone of the party usurped her place. Usurped? Well, this is where opinions differ. My own view is that Mrs. McKelvie, solid player though she is, with a steady series of successes behind her, has also her tennis future, so to speak, behind her, whereas Miss Thomas is potentially as likely to be a champion as Miss Nicoll or any girl playing in this country, and was expressly sent forth to South Africa to gain the one addition to her game that is lacking at present, experience. On the other hand, it is said that Mrs. McKelvie managed to adapt herself better to the strange conditions of a new country that was really like playing in a dozen different countries, such extremes of climate and court surface were experienced, sometimes almost on successive days. And, believe it or not, on one occasion the visitors played their match on an improvised court on the concrete floor of a wool store. Bales of scoured wool served as a grandstand for the hundreds of spectators crammed into the hall, measuring fifty by two hundred and fifty feet. At the same time, members of the local association acted as ball boys. They had a double purpose, and were armed with rackets themselves. Apart from picking up the balls for the servers, they endeavoured nobly to keep service faults from hitting a spectator in the eye. You will be glad to hear that on this occasion our little lot won by seven matches to love. Who says that we are a decadent nation, or unable to readjust ourselves to changing conditions?

Seriously though, I have often thought that local conditions are not sufficiently taken into account, when discussing results, which sometimes from the distance seem a direct contradiction of true form. Take the South of France, for instance, where another season is now drawing to its close. I was staying in Monte Carlo and Cannes for a few weeks round Christmas, and had the chance of playing on many of the best courts down there; but though I had been warned in advance, I was astonished to find the degree of their slowness, compared even with English hard courts, and I began to understand how a player say like Palmieri, in his prime as an amateur, was able to score victories over someone like Bunny Austin. I did not find the bright sunshine

nearly so difficult to adjust myself to as the extreme length of rallies, caused through the difficulty of putting the ball away for a winner. And suddenly I understood why a defensive player like Phyllis Satterthwaite should have had so many triumphs in the South in the past, and indeed, it was still an education this winter, I found, to partner her in a friendly mixed. For patience, persistence and cunning combined, she will never be matched by a new generation of players, and just to hear her exhorting her partner, Esmond Harmsworth, on to victory—oh, *mauvais, mauvais*—made one wish that she could have a straight talk with Hitler. As a matter of fact, Esmond Harmsworth is a much improved player, with a real flair for anticipation at the net and some magnificent shoulder-high volleys in his repertoire, that only went astray, if we played rather early in the morning, after a late session in the Sporting, the night before. I must say that I really enjoyed my stay in Monte. It was like rediscovering an old friend and finding that she looks younger and lovelier than ever.

But we seem to be straying from the game in hand, and as it has started to rain again let us allow our thoughts and dreams to rest for a final moment back in Montego Bay, where both C. M. Jones and Charlie Hare may have achieved a good shade of sunburn but hardly covered themselves with glory, but where the ladies, Miss Scriven and Miss Hardwick, gave an excellent account of themselves. The first-named defeated Miss Winthrop in one self-styled international tournament, but was defeated in the final by her countrywoman, who has always possessed the most beautiful style, but has rather lacked the will to win a tense final set. But it seems as though this year a different story may be told. For after Peggy Scriven had fought back to win the second set, Miss Hardwick held on grimly (and you know what a reputation her opponent possesses for fighting to the last ditch), and nosed out in the tenth game. And what's more, in the semi-final she defeated no less a personage in straight sets than Mrs. Fabyan, who at the present moment is ranked second in America for singles. And deservedly so, for I have always thought her an exquisite little player, whose effortlessness of style has never quite received the praise in this country that it deserved. And for that reason I rank very high, too, the achievement of our own two ladies in partnership, in defeating Mrs. Fabyan and Miss Winthrop to win the doubles championship of the island. I wonder if this all-conquering partnership is likely to be a permanent one this season?

Anyway, I shall have some more news for you next week, especially about the amateur-professional controversy that this year is likely to come to a climax.

## LAGONDA

... Past and Present

*There are still some who associate Lagonda with speed alone—such motorists are not living in the present.*

*The fact is that Lagonda is probably the fastest standard motor car of genuine touring dimensions. It is, besides, one of the quietest, most tractable and best sprung cars yet made. Such a rare combination of desirable characteristics has never previously been available in any one car at any price.*

*Indeed the three wheelbases and six body types offered by the 12 and 6-cylinder Lagonda range may claim to cover all accepted requirements in their own category. From critical comparison they emerge pre-eminent among the finest motor cars of the world.*

Twelve Cylinder Lagonda Saloon  
(11' w.b. chassis) ... £1,600  
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R.J. Breedham Sc.

# The Highway of FASHION

by

M.E. BROOKE



TRADITIONAL white satin makes the bride's dress, orange blossoms the coronet and bouquet; although there is a hip yoke of miniature organ pipes the train is cut in one with the skirt. It costs only seven guineas, the 1939 crinoline petticoat being 35s. extra. Two views of the white moiré bridesmaid's dresses are given. The simulated petticoats are of tile red moiré, the bonnet and hat being of the same shade. It will come as a surprise to many that these dresses have gone into residence in the inexpensive salons at Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street. There are altogether charming dresses and bridesmaids' dresses from five guineas





*The Humber Imperial Six-Light Saloon, £515*

There is an air of dignity and character about the Humber Imperial. Fine coachwork, luxuriously appointed, comfortable and spacious, the excellence of its performance is matched only by the ease and safety of its control. Its price is but half the measure of its true quality.

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from £345

THE SNIPE  
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RAIN  
OR  
SHINE

THERE is nothing that golf enthusiasts dislike more than a really wet day though they always despise themselves should they have the temerity to decline to play. Lillywhites, of Piccadilly Circus and Knightsbridge have come to their rescue with specially created outfits for wet weather. Two views of the perfect suit are given above. On the right is a blouse in proofed double texture poplin with cleverly-cut Raglan sleeves and extra protection on the shoulders. It is accompanied by a skirt of the same material for 27s. 6d., the hood being 9s. 6d. In the other picture this blouse is seen worn with trousers. Naturally, they are more expensive than the skirt, that is, 35s. The ideal outfit for a fine day is seen on the left. It consists of a Munro tweed skirt for two guineas in heather and brown stripes. The 1939 jerkin must be noted, as it has a suède front with knitted sleeves and back. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that Lillywhites make a feature of skirts for sports and country wear from 25s. Then outfits for squash and badminton have met with special consideration. Further details of these may be gleaned from the catalogue—sent gratis and post free—and, of course, this firm has no rivals to fear where shorts, frocks and skirts for tennis are concerned

Picture by Blake





No-one could wear a frock so beautifully, no-one at all could feel so confident, without the help of a Berlei. No foundation garment will mould the waist so trimly, smooth the hips so slimly, or give you the 1939 line so naturally as a Berlei. It is a more exquisite foundation garment than any you can buy, made of newer, finer materials, with flatter and lovelier laces, with tiny tailored seams and narrowest shoulder ribbons . . . and some are strapless. A Berlei weighs next to nothing . . . almost less than nothing.

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FOUNDATIONS

Model 40052. Berlei's loveliest new Controlette . . . backless . . . boneless . . . without fastenings.  
With special patented 'Sasha' secret for tummy control. Bust sizes 32" - 38". 42/-

Send us a postcard or ask the corsetiere at any good store for a free copy of our new book 'Romance Has Come to Stay'  
BERLEI (U.K.) LTD., CONFIDENTIAL BUREAU, 208a REGENT ST., LONDON W.1 (Wholesale only)



# Two-Piece Talk



THE blouse in many phases has again entered fashion's arena for day and semi-evening wear. It is an all-important accessory. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that an appropriate skirt is its true complement. So Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, must be given the credit of the models portrayed. Moss crêpe has been used for the blouse in the picture on the left. Its colour is the palest shade of the fuchsia, while the padded quilting is carried out in gold, and although it is made in the firm's own workrooms, it is only 98s. 6d. Note the becoming flare below the knees. In the picture on the right is seen a perfectly simple washing silk shirt. As will be noted, it has the new shaped collar and yoke, and costs 29s. 6d. in all fashionable pastel shades. The admirably tailored tweed skirt—ideal for golf—is 79s. 6d. It is so cut that the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. All interested in fashions for the ensuing months must write for this firm's catalogue. Although the newest ideas in the domain of fashion are shown, it is possible to be well dressed here for a very pleasant outlay

*Pictures by Blake*



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**WESTMINSTER  
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# ONE GOOD BUY DESERVES ANOTHER



WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS

## The Skin Game.

FURS are no longer packed away in mothballs on the first of May Spring or summer, the wind is often chilly and a fur coat can be worn many days in town. Loose-fitting jackets like the one above in South American skunk look charming over simple frocks. This model, in fine silky skins, is skilfully worked to a collarless neckline. It costs 25 guineas at the West Central Fur Stores, 74 Oxford Street, who have many other attractive models. Silver fox capes for the evening are from 10½ guineas, and there are models in briarwood squirrel flank for as little as 8 guineas. Lighter furs blend well with the new pastel shades, and here there are natural cross fox skins from 8 guineas. For photographs and fuller details, write for their booklet, which will be sent on application.

## Beneath it All.

GETTING to the root of the Spring wardrobe means revising your lingerie when the warm weather really beings. It must be light, closely fitting and cut to follow the natural lines of the figure. Juvena have modelled all their underwear on this figure-fitting principle, so there are no mysterious rolls or bulges to spoil the look of your frock. Every vest has short and long panties and cami-knickers to match, in pink, white or sky. Lastex yarn is actually worked into the vests to give a flattering line to the bust, which remains firm, no matter how often the garment is washed. They are attractively made, too, with narrow lace edgings and tiny rosettes. One set, in a closely woven material, is printed with tiny rococo figures like Dresden china. Prices are very moderate; in artificial silk the vests are from 2s. 11d., and in real silk from 5s. 11d. They are available practically everywhere, but if there is any difficulty write to Juvena, 13 Southampton Place, W.C.1. Incidentally, this firm also make very decorative woollen bathing

suits, plain, striped or patterned in very bright and cheerful colours.

## Perfecting the Silhouette.

THERE are many women who achieve that youthful silhouette which invariably harmonizes with every new caprice of fashion. This they do by wearing a Roussel Belt, which effectively "controls" the figure because it is made to suit individual requirements. From the modern corsetiere's standpoint every woman has these individual needs. To put the matter in a nutshell, it corrects the defects of the figure and enhances all its loveliness. This firm have many branches throughout the kingdom; nevertheless, all needing the helpful catalogues should write to 179 Regent Street. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that these belts can be ordered by post with entire confidence. If complete satisfaction is not given they will be exchanged or the money refunded. Now, turning from generalities to details, there is the long belt for débutantes in fine lace elastic with uplift brassière. Another of these perfect foundation garments is of fine quality linen thread, the uplift brassière being of satin. It must not for a moment be thought that it is only the slight figure whose needs have been taken into consideration, as the reverse is the case. An infinite variety of models has been designed for the larger woman. Furthermore, there are Roussel



BECOMING CURLS



ANOTHER NEW HEADLINE

belts which reduce superfluous tissues. They give support to the body without constricting it, smoothing away the curves which may become too pronounced, as they maintain a continuous gentle massaging action which tends to reduce that "too too solid" flesh.

## Modified Edwardian

### Coiffures.

MONSIEUR BARRANGER (Maison Georges, 40 Buckingham Palace Road) was present at the Grand Bal de Coiffure at the Hotel Continental, Paris,

where the coming fashions in hairdressing were discussed and many important decisions made. Individuality was all important; the contour of the head as well as the silhouette in general must be considered. As an artist M. Barranger has created his own interpretations, two of which find pictorial expression on this page. In the one on the left rounded curls caress the nape of the neck, a decorative comb holding them in position. Further up there are two elongated rolls, the hair at the sides being gracefully waved. In the other picture the curls are massed with a long curl above, which, it will be noticed, crosses the head. Of course a postiche may be created to make this head-dressing, or the wearer's own hair may be used. There are many variations on these themes.



# PICTURES FROM JENNERS 'MODE'

Casual Clothes



CHILDREN AND DOGS



Once upon  
a time—



TO WELCOME SPRING



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PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH  
LIMITED

Jenners Spring 'MODE,' free on request, is the smart woman's guide to chic. Beautiful drawings and photographs of lovely clothes are an inspiration to make the very best of yourself. Send a post card for your copy to-day. Clothes sent on approval—Jenners pay carriage in Great Britain.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Two April Weddings Abroad.  
Dr. A. C. Howard, elder son of the late Arthur Howard and of Mrs. Howard, of Leighdale, Weybridge, is marrying Sheila Florence Telford, the younger daughter of the late Surgeon-Captain J. A. Thompson, R.N., and Mrs. Thompson. The wedding will take place in Kano, Nigeria. On April 29, at St. Paul's, Malta, Lieutenant H. Westcott, R.N., will marry Miss Patience Reeves, daughter of the late Mr. John Reeves, of Wellington, New Zealand, and Mrs. Reeves, of Brockenhurst, Hants.

Recently Engaged.  
The Hon. N. H. Villiers, younger son of

Chadwyck-Healey, younger son of Sir Gerald Chadwyck-Healey, Bt., C.B.E., and Lady Chadwyck-Healey, of Balbeg, Straiton, and Viola, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Lubbock, Chelsea Park Gardens, S.W.3; Mr. R. O. Oliver, younger son of Mr. Godfrey R. Oliver and Mrs. Oliver, of Port Hill, Northam, Devon, and Hermione Mary, daughter

of the late Colonel R. Peel, C.M.G., and of Mrs. Peel, Cranley Place, S.W.7; Squadron-Leader R. C. Gaskell, R.A.F., elder son of the late Frank Hill Gaskell and of Mrs. Gaskell, of Porthcawl, South Wales, and Evelyn Mary, daughter of Alfred Humphreys and the late Mrs. Humphreys, of California and Hong Kong; Mr. M. J. M. Raymond, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Raymond, The Croft, Wimborne, Dorset, and Margaret, younger daughter of the late Mr. R. Freeman, and of Mrs. M. W. Freeman, of Last Rounton, Northallerton, Yorks; Captain H. V. Ewbank, Royal Corps of Signals, eldest son of the late Brigadier-General W. Ewbank, C.B., C.I.E., and of Mrs. Ewbank, and Joyce Melvin, only daughter of Captain Tim Melvin Barrett, R.N. (retired), J.P., and Mrs. Barrett, of The Brown House, Meopham, Kent; Mr. K. Morton Evans, elder son of the late H. Morton Evans, J.P., O.B.E., and Mrs. Morton Evans, and Ginette, only child of Mrs. A. P. Hewitt, Rue Spontini, Paris.



MISS DIANA RENSHAW  
Whose wedding to Mr. J. M. Carnegie takes place on the 25th of this month. Mr. Carnegie is the son of the late Hon. L. Carnegie, K.C.M.G., and the Hon. Lady Carnegie, and Miss Renshaw is the daughter of the late A. H. Renshaw and of Lady Winifred Renshaw

the Earl and Countess of Clarendon, and Mary Cecilia Georgina Forester, elder daughter of Major the Hon. Edric Forester and Lady Victoria Forester, of Laverton House, Broadway, Worcestershire; Captain N. Lovett, The Gloucestershire Regiment, son of the late Brigadier-General A. C. Lovett, C.B., and of Mrs. Lovett, Mill House, Kempsey, and Florida, only child of the late Major C. H. Stigand, The Royal West Kent Regiment, and Governor of the Mongalla Province, Sudan, and of Mrs. Barrington Moore, Stone Acre, Corfe, Taunton; Mr. W. S. Bowyer, R.A.F., second son of Captain and Mrs. A. S. Bowyer, of Durban, Natal, and Joan Pamela, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Ringwood, Normanhurst, Meads, Eastbourne; Mr. C. A.



MISS HILDA BROWNE  
The younger daughter of Colonel W. W. Browne, O.B.E., and Mrs. Browne, of Greyburns, Farnham, who is to be married to Mr. J. N. St. G. Kirke, the elder son of General Sir Walter M. St. G. Kirke, G.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., A.D.C., and Lady Kirke, of Godalming. The wedding will be in June



MISS BRIDGET HORNUNG  
The second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. B. Hornung, of Ivorys, Cowfold, Sussex, who is engaged to Mr. J. A. O. Walker, 13th 18th Royal Hussars (Q.M.O.), the only son of the late G. A. Walker and Mrs. Pitt

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*Cecil Kimber*  
MANAGING DIRECTOR OF M.G. CARS

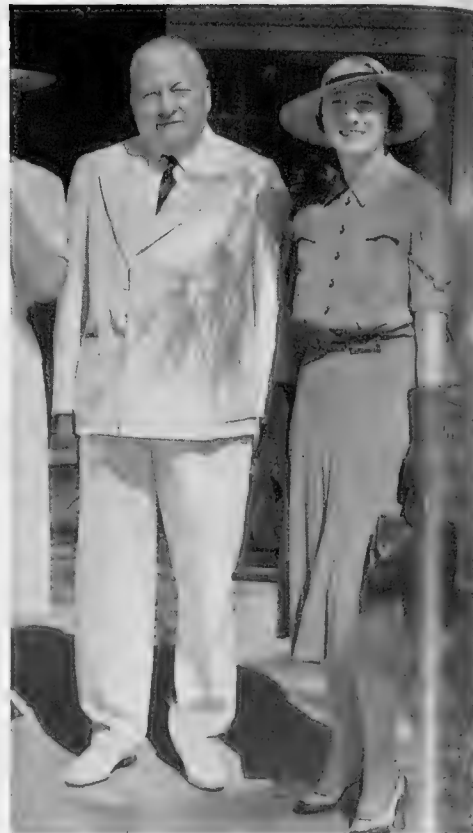
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AT NASSAU: LADY SMILEY AND MRS. VYVYAN DRURY



AT PALM BEACH: MR. AND MRS. JOHN DEWAR IN FINE HEART



MORE NASSAU PATRONS: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER

Soaking up the sunshine west of the Atlantic has lately been the happy lot of the well-knowns featuring in these three snapshots. Lady Smiley, widow of Sir John Smiley, second baronet, spent quite a long time in fascinating Nassau in company with her youngest son, Mr. David Smiley, Royal Horse Guards, who was on sick leave. They were in great social request, and so were the Duke of Manchester and his Duchess (the former Miss Kathleen Dawes), other recent visitors to the capital of New Providence. Some two hundred miles away, as the seagull flies, Mr. John Dewar, noted owner, and his attractive wife were comparing Palm Beach's winter weather with what they had left in England, and duly congratulating themselves. They were staying at the delightful winter home of Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy, or rather what would be his home were he not busy in London being American Ambassador



Absolutely unretouched photographs of the same eyes before and after treatment. Published with the client's permission

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(TOOTH PASTE) For Teeth and Gums

1/3 per Tube of all Chemists

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And friends keep on asking :

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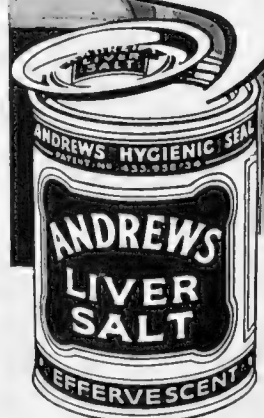
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It tones up the liver, it sure is a giver  
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For it's grand! Effervescent!

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**ANDREWS**

THE IDEAL TONIC LAXATIVE

4 ozs. 9d. - - - 8 ozs. 1/4

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## Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 31)

of the R.M.A., an officer obviously corresponding to a commandant, for during his period 1764-77, there were as Governors: John, Marquis of Granby and George, Viscount Townshend. All this and a lot more, however, can be found in that most interesting history by Captain F. G. Guggisberg, R.E. *The Shop: The Story of the Royal Military Academy* (Cassell).

If "The Shop" really is to go, I fear it will hit the Chief Royal Engineer, General Sir Bindon Blood, particularly hard. He was born in 1842, and passed out of Woolwich into the Sappers in 1860. As is probably well known, the General is the direct descendant of the only man who has ever managed to steal the Crown Jewels out of the Tower of London. This bright sportsman was Colonel Thomas Blood, who, instead of being hanged, was pardoned by Charles II, and they do say, given a present of £500 as a mark of recognition, presumably of his colossal cheek and adroitness. He probably only stole the things out of sheer devilment. The shade of another great Sapper, Kitchener of Khartoum, will certainly register severe disapproval. All this apart, it is sad to contemplate the disappearance of, for one thing, The Snooker's Dances—to which the Snooker had to go in a "Billy Coke" hat, with the brim very much curtailed by a pair of scissors; the Shop and Sandhurst matches will not seem quite the same and even a thing they used to call "The Run," a rather painful and quite undraped sprint round The Square, may be regretted. About this I am not sure for it was a punishment. Anyway, it is always rather a pity when hoary customs go west, and it will not be quite the same thing trying to keep them going in the new home, Sandhurst. Though united it is presumable that, so far as instruction goes the two branches of the service will still be kept more or less on separate lines.

In a recent note on the recent achievements of various officers of the 10th Hussars, riding winners between the flags—

Major Roddick's hat trick in the Grand Military and Mr. "Kim" Muir's wins on the second day—the hunters' race and the handicap event, I discover to my sorrow that I had not spotted that the C.O. himself had been having a go. Colonel Charles Gairdner won the Heavyweight Race at the Southern and Aldershot Command Meeting on a very nice horse I had the pleasure to ride a little while ago.

I should think that all this: 1st (Major Mark Roddick, and 3rd (Major C. B. Harvey), in the Grand Military, and these other successes must be an absolute record for one regiment. If this has ever been beaten I wish someone would write and tell me about it.

Major Harvey, incidentally, only just missed winning the Kadir Cup, whilst the regiment was in India. Mr. H. H. Jones and the Hon. A. B. J. Grenfell, both 10th, won it in 1932 and 1933 respectively.

Colonel Gairdner's polo book will not, so I understand, make its appearance till the autumn. It will be one of the best polo anthologies that has ever been concocted, for so many shining lights in the game are amongst its contributors.

Major Colin Davy, ex-10th Hussars, is, I understand, co-operating in the editorial department and will be of considerable assistance. Major Colin Davy's book, *Brown Paper Twice*, a very good steeplechasing, hunting and life of a horse-soldier yarn, and full of incident and adventure, was recently reviewed in these notes.



A FINE WINNER AT THE IRISH KENNEL CLUB SHOW

Miss Mary McDowell with Mr. J. V. Rank's beautiful Great Dane bitch Royal of Ouborough, who won all her classes and the Green Star honours. Miss McDowell had a prize-winning Borzoi at the same show. She hunts a good deal and has a few show jumpers that have won at the Royal Show in Dublin and elsewhere in Ireland





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The 2½-litre Daimler 'Ritz' a car of exceptional beauty and refinement—in every detail, an individual creation



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FOR the man whose special needs demand a car of even greater individuality than the already distinguished 2-litre 'Fifteen,' Daimler introduces a new 'Ritz' model. This is a car that will give the most exacting owner the keenest pride. Meticulous hand-finish construction and careful attention to detail is evident in every part.

The coachwork has a distinctive silver grey finish, and is upholstered in leather of extremely fine quality and softness. All

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- \* 2½-litre engine with special chromium plated finish.
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- \* Provision for the installation of the latest type de-misting and heating unit



DACHSHUND

Property of Miss Dixon

Setter Trials. Both these trials take place near Ipswich. Pointer and Setter trials are always worth one's while going to see.

Mrs. Crane, who so kindly came to judge the Pyrenean dogs at our show is renowned wherever the Pyrenean is known. She has from personal selection of her stock abroad, built up the largest kennel of this breed in the world at her Massachusetts home. She is perhaps best known for her book, *The Great Pyrenees*, which is the only volume dealing exclusively with this beautiful breed. Mrs. Crane was the pioneer of these dogs in America, being the first to introduce a pair in 1931. From them originated the Basquaerie Kennels; she is also the founder of the breed in Canada, as all the kennels there and in America owe their origin to the Basquaerie Kennels. The kennels contain about forty-five adults, including the Tri-International Champion Estat d'Argeles, voted the most perfect Pyrenean in France some years ago. In the past five years, there have been thirty champions in the Basquaerie stock. In addition to their beauty they are one of the most kindly and intelligent

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

An interesting item of news in the *Kennel Gazette* is the co-opting of General Brownrigg on to the committee of the Kennel Club. General Brownrigg has had a most distinguished career, and the Kennel Club is to be congratulated on having him on its committee. Mrs. Brownrigg is well known to us all, and is the pioneer of the Shi-Tzu in this country. They are also keen on Labradors, but find it more difficult to keep these now that they have to live in London.

The Field Trial season opens with the English Setter Club Trials in April, on the 14th and 15th, to be followed on the 18th and 19th by the K.C. Pointer and

breeds, excellent as companions; by temperament, placid and devoted. When roused they can be most effective as watchdogs. Their steadily increasing popularity in America is a proof of their complete success as companions.

The Dachshund continues to be extremely popular; he has so much to recommend him, size, intelligence, and in the case of the smooth Dachshund, a smart shiny coat which is no trouble to keep clean. Miss Dixon is not one of the newcomers to Dachshunds as she has had them for many years. Her kennel at Blackheath has turned out many good ones. The photograph is of a young bitch, home-bred, by Ch. Max of Buckhurst out of a bitch who is one of a long line bred by Miss



CH. MASSA'S DOLLAR KING

Property of Mrs. Salmon

Dixon. She had distemper as a puppy and was not expected to recover, but care and nursing brought her through. She has won every time shown, being first in open and awarded the certificate at Cruft's.

For some reason the Boston Terrier did not get going in this country for some time; now he has started in earnest. Mrs. Salmon owns one of the foremost kennels of Bostons, she does not keep many but all are of the best. The photograph is of the stud dog, Ch. Massa's Dollar King, the first Champion Boston Terrier in this country. He is a winner of four challenge certificates, also was eight times best of breed at championship shows, before certificates were offered. He is sire of numerous winners, and his stock has been exported to South Africa, Egypt, India and America. He possesses marvellous bones, legs and feet, while his action is perfect. His general appearance is as near the standard as possible.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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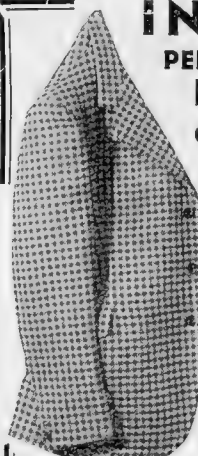
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Picture a sunshine room on the edge of your tennis-lawn. A garden pavilion for tea—a shelter from sudden showers. Of course, a revolving garden room—always with its back to the wind—is a delightful asset anywhere in the garden. In it you can read, write, sleep—spend more time in your garden in a dozen happy ways. Have one of these splendid rooms and see how your health benefits! The Shelter illustrated is B.432.

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**SPORTING and  
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On the left an attractive coat in a 'Gorslan' Scotch Tweed of charming design and exquisitely blended colourings.

The model on the right is supplied either in Pure Camel-hair or Cashmere, and is equally attractive and luxurious in either.

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Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.  
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## ROUND ABOUT NOTES

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for a poor woman, aged forty-two, and the breadwinner of the family, who is in desperate need of a new artificial leg. She works in a clothier's factory and has had her present artificial limb for fourteen years. She is a very heavy woman, and it is now no longer strong enough to support her with any degree of safety. The leg will cost £40, of which £26 has already been collected. Will any generous reader give us the remaining £14, and save this poor woman from a fatal fall.



MR. RALPH ASSHETON, M.P., AND SIR PERCY MACKINNON

Members of the Royal Commission photographed as they were about to leave by air for the Rupununi Savannahs on the British Guiana and Brazilian frontier, one of the areas in which it is proposed to settle Jewish refugees

The annual Rainbow Ball in aid of the Marie Curie Hospital is to be held this year on May 11 at Grosvenor House. Sidney Lipton's Band has been engaged and the Ball is to be in the form of a dinner-dance lasting from 9 to 2. Tickets, 30s. each, may be had from the Chairman, Mrs. Gerald Torrey, 4 Egerton Place, S.W.3. The attractions include many valuable prizes, sea cruises presented by shipping companies and a trip to Paris by air by Imperial Airways. This Hampstead hospital, founded and staffed by medical women for the treatment by radium and X-rays of women suffering from cancer, well deserves support. Here is what was said of the hospital a short time ago at a public meeting, by

Sir Edward Mellanby, the Secretary of the Medical Research Council: "The Marie Curie Hospital stands out head and shoulders above all other centres in the country—the superior results obtained there can only be due to the high degree of skill, care and judgment exercised." Madame Marie Curie herself gave the hospital her blessing when it opened some ten years ago, and her daughter, Mlle. Eve Curie, the author of the well-known biography of Marie Curie, is a vice-president of the hospital. Over 700 patients are admitted annually for treatment—and there is always a waiting list. Poor patients are admitted entirely free. The problem of providing treatment for cancer sufferers has been forcibly put by the Government's new Cancer Bill, and the Board of Management of the Marie Curie Hospital feels that, with such an established record of success, it must press on and formulate plans for enlarging the hospital to take its place in the new Government scheme.

The Vaudeville Golfing Society had their annual match against "Mel's" team, at Sudbury Golf Club, on March 23.

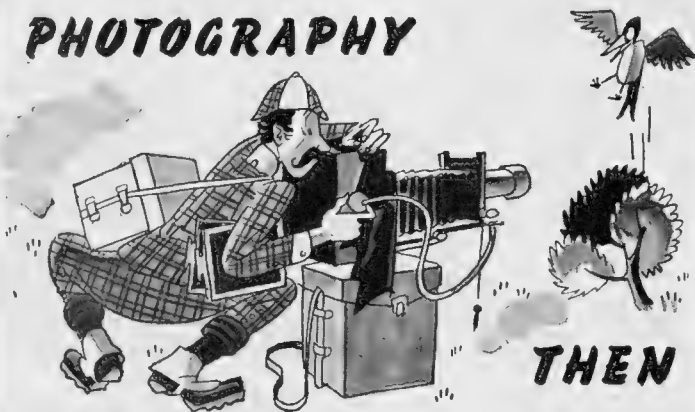
Twelve singles were played in the morning, which resulted in five wins for the Vaudeville G.S. and four for their opponents; but in the afternoon, "Mel's" team won three of the four foursomes, and so won the day by seven matches to six, with four halved.



A GARDEN PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BRITISH GUIANA

Mr. Hubert Henderson (right), Economist to the West Indies Royal Commission, relaxes at a garden party given by the Governor and his wife, Sir Wilfred and Lady Jackson. Others in the group are Lady Jackson and Mr. F. B. Henderson, Chairman of the Demerara Bauxite Co.

## PHOTOGRAPHY



Photography, king of hobbies, this year reaches its centenary. Since its invention there has been continuous research in the spheres of optics and chemistry to bring it to its ultimate perfection, and the Leica, the pioneer and marvel amongst miniature precision cameras, represents the accepted ideal in equipment for photography as it stands today. With a Leica you can take all that photography offers. In addition to ordinary snapshotting, it covers all specialised fields, such as colour work, technical photography, wide angle and telephoto shots.

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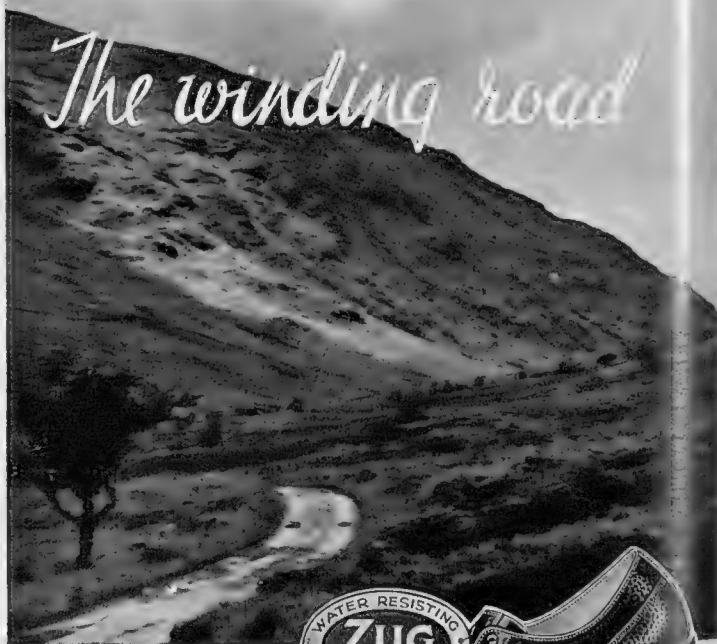
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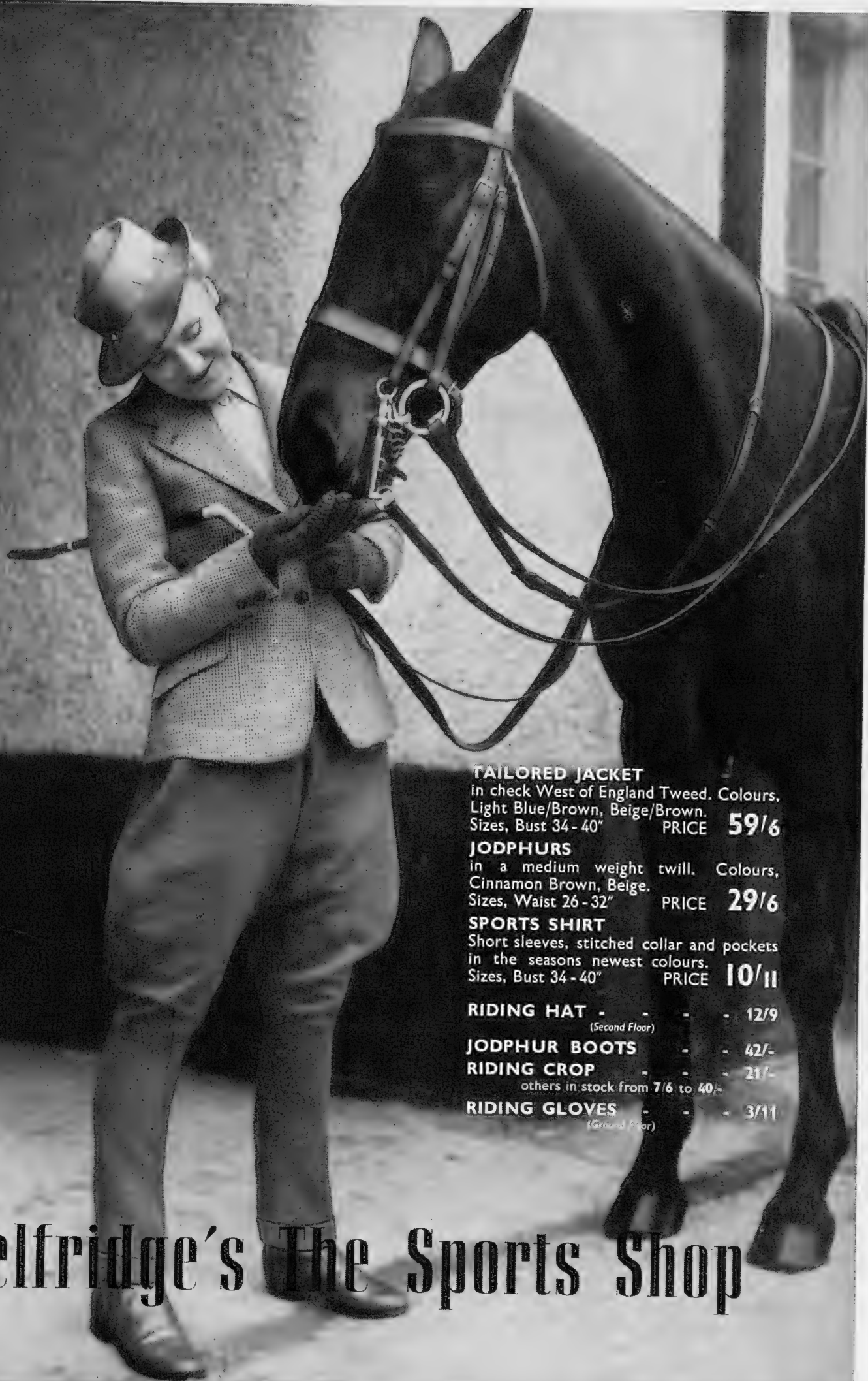
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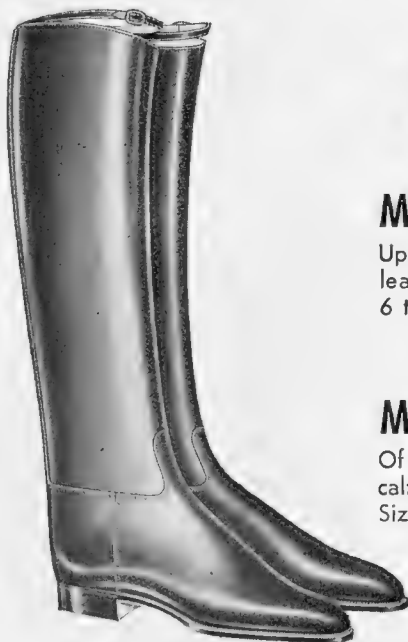
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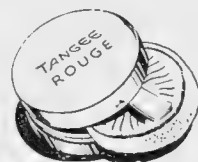


IT IS NOT fashionable to smear your lips with garish scarlet . . . to colour up your cheeks to a feverish flush. Discriminating women have said goodbye to all that, and welcome Tangee because it makes them look fresh and young and natural again . . . deliciously in tune with 1939's feminine frills and furbelows.



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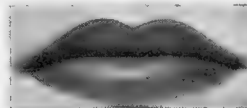


*Tangee Rouge is its natural companion. Creme 3/6, compact 1/9 and 4/6.*

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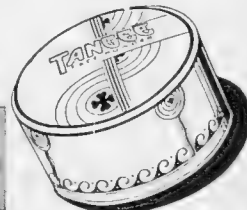


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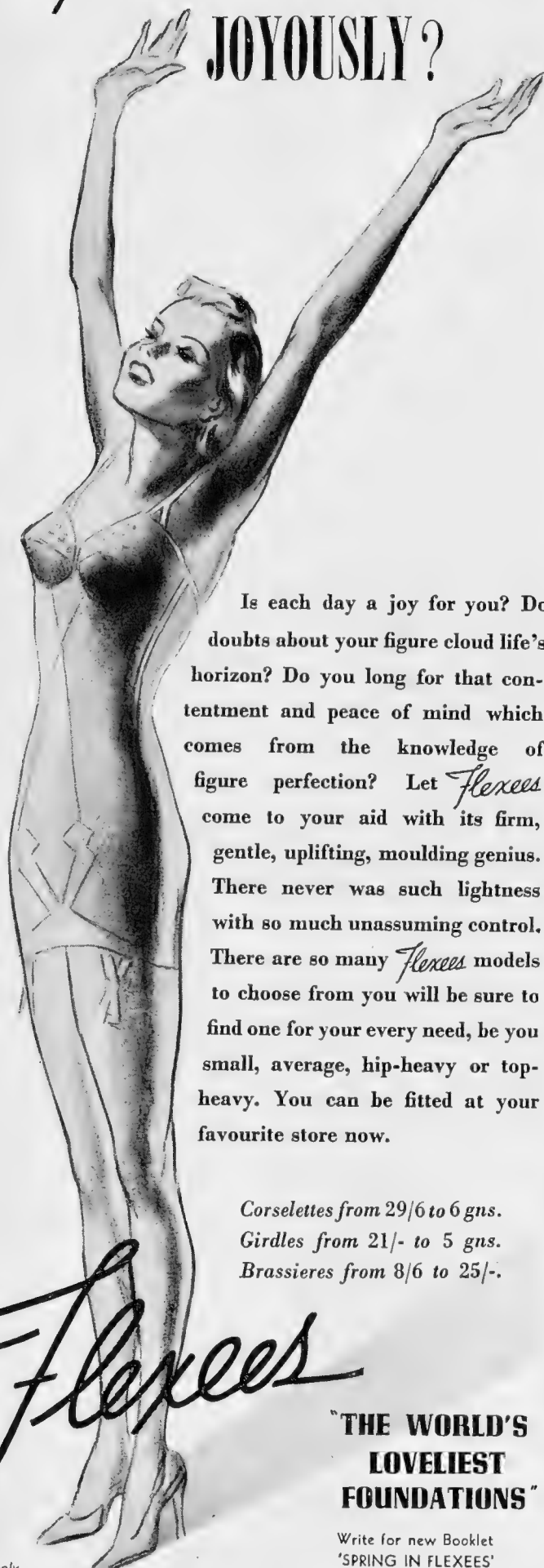
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We claim the future of the world for Christ! The future is on His side, because the future leads to the only Kingdom that can be an everlasting Kingdom over which He shall reign for ever and for ever, Christ the Lord, risen triumphant over hatred, prejudice, torture and death.

Let us then lift up our hearts. The Resurrection is a glorious truth, and to-day we have an advocate with God the Father.

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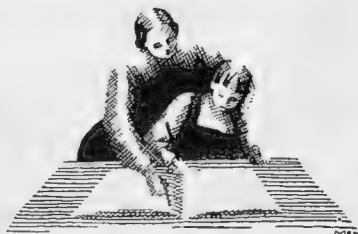
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Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

There is always one family that would be glad of your help at the Easter season, and that is the family of 8,250 destitute boys and girls supported by Dr. Barnardo's Homes. As is well known, the Charter of this institution is "No destitute child ever refused admission," and under it they admit an average of five needy youngsters every day in the year. It can be well imagined how necessary is continued public support for so worthy an object. These Homes have already to their credit the total of 123,500 children helped. Your Easter gift to Barnardo's will do much to encourage them in their good work.

British Sailors' Society Homes.

If you have ever wandered along the waterfront of a big seaport you could not fail to have noticed the temptations confronting the lonely seamen. English ports are bad enough, but in foreign countries—the Far East and South America—the temptations in the way of the sailor are greatly increased. They are disguised with the false glamour which strange customs and foreign ways can give them. But as an off-set against these temptations the British Sailors' Society does a great work by providing the men of the sea with a Home in ports of the world. Where these Homes exist there is a haven. No more "mooching" about the streets with that oppressive longing for home comforts which cries out for satisfaction. The sailor finds a warm welcome in good company at British Sailors' Society Homes. To maintain and enlarge this great world-wide work, help will be welcomed by the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes at the headquarters of the Society, 680 Commercial Road, E.14.

The Salvation Army.

The Salvation Army Self-Denial Campaign, to raise funds for the Army's work at home and abroad, is now a well-known annual event which has been copied by many other movements. At the time of its inception in 1886 it was unique. That year £5,000 was raised and each year since that time the total has steadily grown. The present campaign asks for £250,000 to meet the Army's needs in the coming year. Every Salvationist is pledged to give up to the limit of his or her financial ability, and many go even beyond that stage. The public also express their sympathy and appreciation of the Army's work by considerable gifts. The welfare activities of the Army cover every phase of human need and gifts may be allocated to any specified activity, both at home and abroad. An Easter gift will be gratefully received by General Evangeline Booth, International Headquarters, 101 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

The N.S.P.C.C.

Just a hundred years ago Benjamin Waugh was born in the village of Settle, in Yorkshire. His childhood was spent in perfect happiness and tranquillity in a long, red brick house at the foot of Castleburgh Rock. The memory of those early years remained with him and perhaps inspired his great life work. For Benjamin Waugh was quick to see the terrible hardships and suffering of so many ill-treated and neglected children. To remedy this national shame he dedicated his life; he considered happiness the birthright of every child. His struggle culminated in the foundation of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. What would Waugh think of the Society's work today? Did he foresee that in its fifty-fifth year it would be called upon to protect from the effects of neglect, ignorance and cruelty.

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over 120,000 children? Would he consider this fact indicative of failure? Assuredly not, for he could look round and see a land in which the children at large are happier than ever he knew. Benjamin Waugh should be held in high esteem today when we review the work of the N.S.P.C.C.—his legacy of love to the children.

\* \* \*

#### The Governesses' Benevolent Institution.

There is a section of the community about whom but little is known. Yet, as soon as they are mentioned, every one acclaims them at once as people to whom much is due. These are the governesses who, either in private families or in small unrecognized schools, quietly and faithfully discharge what is about the greatest trust that could ever be committed to women. To their hands is delegated the responsibility of educating our children, of forming their characters, of instilling into them the foundation of that code by which afterwards their lives will be lived. The G.B.I. helps these ladies in many ways. We give them clothing and temporary financial assistance. We pay for their medical attention. We enable them to have holidays. But our greatest service of all is to provide them with free annuities of £1 a week paid out of secured income—and since November, 1938, without any of the business of collecting votes. Here is a record of work done in 1938 which your contribution will help to continue and extend: Employment Department: Calculated at the rates charged by the ordinary trade agencies, the fees saved to governesses' pockets amounted to £620. Holidays: the amount spent in assisting governesses to enjoy holidays which they could not otherwise have afforded was £150; Occupational Training: Assistance is now available for working governesses to receive training for some occupational work which they should be able to turn to good account in later years. (This service is new and was only started towards the end of the year.) Please send your contributions to the Secretary, the G.B.I., 58 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

\* \* \*

#### The New Westminster Hospital.

The new Westminster Hospital covers an area of 66,000 square feet, nearly double the space occupied by the old hospital in Broad Sanctuary, the old Nurses' Home in Queen Anne's Gate, the old Medical School in Caxton Street and the Radium Annexe in Hampstead. The hospital will contain over 400 beds, with out-patient clinics for all forms of acute illness. One hundred beds are for patients able to pay the cost of their treatment in part or in full. Surgeries are so arranged that the serious ambulance case has immediate attention, apart from walking casualties. Four main and four subsidiary operating theatres are provided. Comfortable rest and sleeping quarters are included for patients' visitors. An extensive and modernly equipped X-ray, electrical and radium clinic, the latter housing the six grammes of radium in possession of the hospital, occupies, with ancillary departments, the greater part of the lower ground floor. Particular attention has been paid to the out-patients and their needs. The introduction of the National Insurance Scheme and the growing confidence of the public in hospital service has led to greatly increased attendances in the out-patients' department. 70,000 attendances in 1931 have grown to over 150,000 attendances last year. Many small single cot rooms, surrounded mainly by glass panelling, are provided in which to nurse those little patients where infection is suspected. Maternity and gynaecological cases are combined in one unit, with twenty-six beds for expectant mothers, and twenty for gynaecological patients. The maternity service of Westminster Hospital extends, at the wish of the Westminster City Council, to the care of expectant mothers in their homes outside the hospital. Maternity patients will have the advantage of curtain screened beds. In addition to the beds for many who may be unable to contribute, space has been found for those able to contribute part, or the full cost of maternity nursing. We are privileged to announce that His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to appoint Thursday, April 20, 1939, as the day on which he will open the new Westminster Hospital. His Majesty will be accompanied by Her Majesty the Queen. You are earnestly invited to take a share in the completion of the building and equipping of this great centre of healing, teaching and research. The need is urgent. £100,000 is the sum required to complete the Rebuilding Fund. Please send your gift before April 20, or as soon thereafter as possible. Your gift may be sent to Lord Wigram, Norman Tower, Windsor; to the Honorary Treasurers, The Right Hon. Reginald McKenna and Mr. H. P. R. Hoare; or to the Chairman, Mr. Bernard Docker, J.P., Westminster Hospital, Broad Sanctuary, London, S.W.1.

#### CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Can you imagine anyone heartless enough to ill-treat this little child? . . . Yet she was cruelly treated by her own parents until the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children intervened to secure for her a happy life. During 1938 the Society helped 121,505 child victims of neglect or cruelty, an average of nearly

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### MR. DUFF COOPER

writes :

"The war against disease is unceasing. There are no armistices. It is a war that unites instead of dividing humanity. It is a war in which we all can—and all should—play our part. Cancer is the most terrible of



The Rt. Hon. Duff Cooper, P.C., D.S.O.

all our adversaries. The best way in which the ordinary citizen can contribute towards the ultimate defeat of Cancer is by sending a special Easter gift to The Royal Cancer Hospital."

PLEASE SEND A SPECIAL EASTER OFFERING to the TREASURER

## The Royal Cancer Hospital

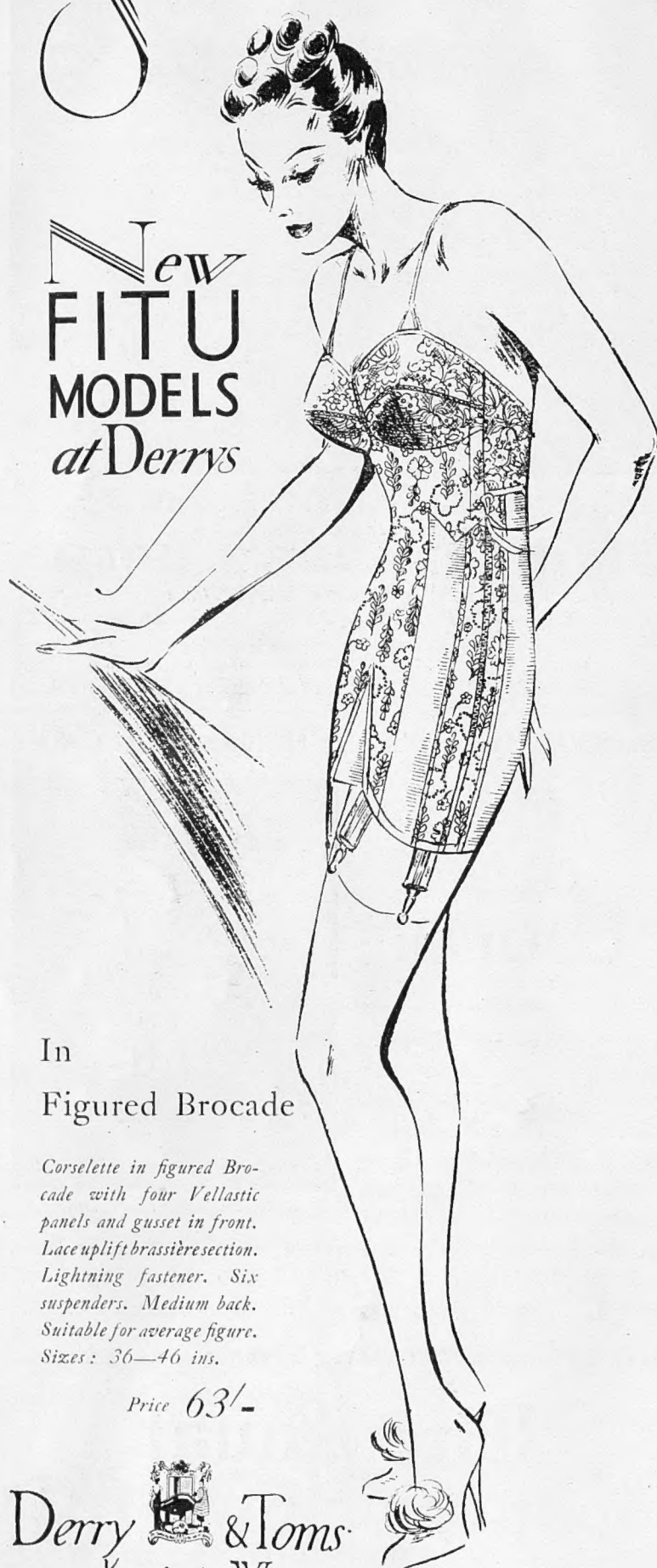
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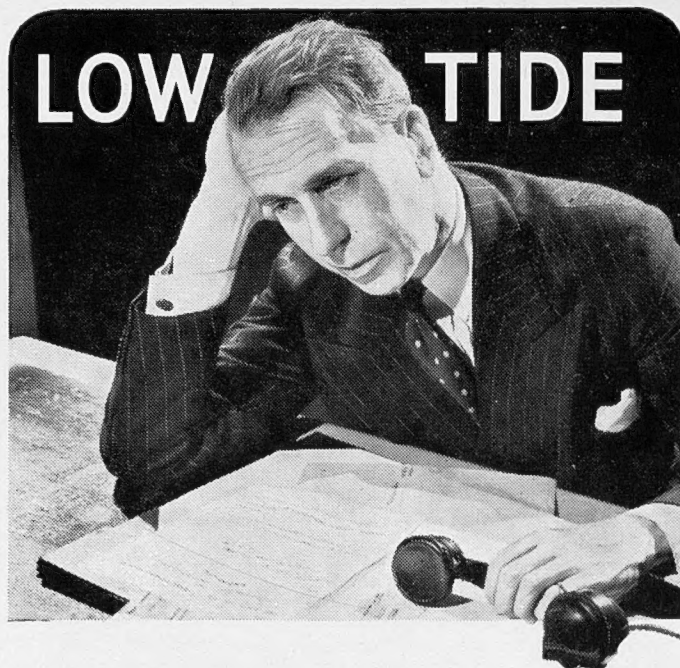


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Doctoring to-day is so progressive, so brilliant, that it can afford to admit its limitations. The modern Doctor is not a “medicine man”. When he answers our question with a frank “We do not yet know”, our confidence in him is increased, not lessened. So that when he tells us that there *are* certain established principles of health, we know that we can rely on these implicitly.

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Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus ser. with Monte-Carlo & Menton. Ten. Swim. Pool. Private Park. Inc. fr. 120 fr., with bath fr. 140 fr.

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Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rooms, 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated. Open all the year. Central. Opposite New Sporting Club.

Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Prince de Galles.—Strictly First-class. Beautiful garden. Magnificent view. Moderate terms.

Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—1st cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gardens. Weekly terms incl. tips & tax from £4.4.0. With priv. bath £5.

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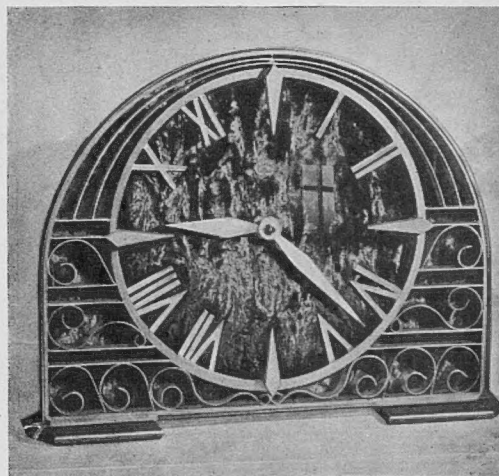
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